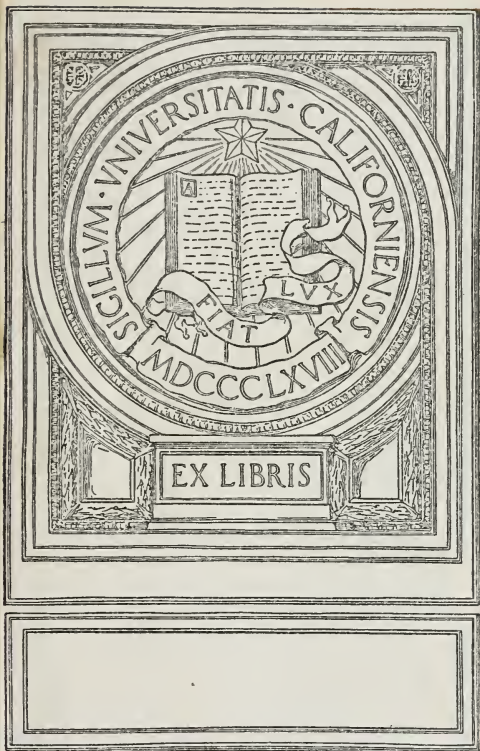


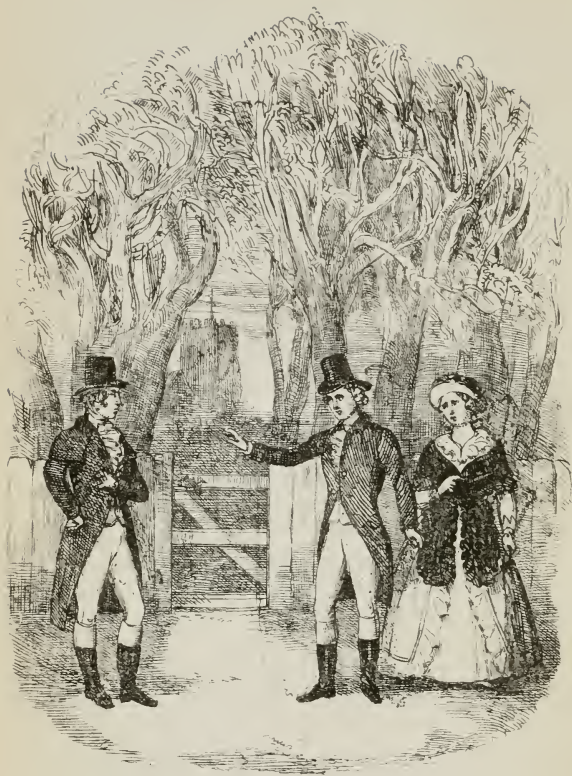
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Poor Gentleman.

SIR CHARLES CROPLAND You will please to recollect sir, I am a gentleman.

FREDERICK I can't for the soul of me - I can never recollect that any man's a gentleman, when I find him forgetting it himself.

THE
POOR GENTLEMAN.

A Comedy,
IN THREE ACTS.

BY
GEORGE COLMAN,

THE YOUNGER,

*Author of "John Bull," "The Mountaineers," "The Iron Chest,"
"Sylvester Daggerwood," "Who Wants a Guinea?" "Blue
Beard," "Incle and Yarico," "X. Y. Z.," "Heir-at-Law,"
"Surrender of Calais," "Review," &c., &c.*

THOMAS HAILES LACY,
89, STRAND,
(Opposite Southampton Street, Covent Garden Market,)
LONDON.

*First performed at the Theatre Royal Covent Garden,
On February 11, 1801.*

Characters.

Original. Drury-Lane, 1829.

LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON	Mr. MURRAY.	Mr. COOPER.
CORPORAL FOSS	Mr. KNIGHT.	Mr. LISTON.
SIR CHARLES CROPLAND.....	Mr. H. JOHNSTON	Mr. HOOPER.
WARNER (<i>his Steward</i>)	Mr. DAVENPORT.	Mr. THOMPSON
SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE	Mr. MUNDEN.	Mr. DOWTON.
FREDERICK BRAMBLE	Mr. LEWIS.	Mr. R. JONES.
HUMPHREY DOBBINS.....	Mr. WADDY.	Mr. WEBSTER.
FARMER HARROWBY.....	Mr. TOWNSEND.	Mr. SHERWIN.
STEPHEN HARROWBY	Mr. EMERY.	Mr. HARLEY.
OLLAPOD	Mr. FAWCETT.	Mr. MATHEWS.
VALET.....		Mr. HONOR.
EMILY WORTHINGTON.....	Mrs. GIBBS.	Miss E. TREE.
MISS LUCRETIA MAC TAB...	Mrs. MATTOCKS.	Mrs. DAVISON.
DAME HARROWBY... ..	Mrs. POWELL.	Mrs. FIELD.
MARY HARROWBY	Miss SIMMS.	Miss NICOL.

Servants, &c.

SCENE.—KENT.

Time in performance—2 HOURS 15 MINUTES.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R.	R. C.	C.	L. C.	L.
<i>Right.</i>	<i>Right Centre.</i>	<i>Centre.</i>	<i>Left Centre.</i>	<i>Left.</i>

FACING THE AUDIENCE.

Costumes.—PERIOD, 179—.

LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON.—Blue Windsor uniform, with red cuffs and collar, tight dark pantaloons, Hessian boots, military hat, grey hair.

CORPORAL FOSS.—Corporal's red jacket, buff waistcoat, white breeches, black gaiters, Chelsea pensioner's hat, black leather stock.

SIR CHARLES CROPLAND.—Dark frock coat with cape, striped satin waistcoat, white lace cravat, grey tights, hessian boots, sugar-loaf hat trimmed with gold lace, powdered hair.

WARNER.—Iron grey suit, black stockings, shoes and buckles.

SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE.—Morone-coloured over coat, with brass basket buttons, old-fashioned suit, white silk stockings, shoes and buckles, white cravat, George wig, three-cornered hat.

HUMPHREY DOBBINS.—Dark grey coat, (with black buttons) waistcoat, and breeches, white lamb's-wool stockings, shoes, with brass buckles, grey hair, three-cornered hat, white stock and buckle.

FARMER HARROWBY.—Brown surtout coat with white buttons, red waistcoat, dark corderoy breeches, top boots; George wig, broad-brimmed hat, coloured neckerchief.

STEPHEN HARROWBY.—Short smock frock, leather breeches, blue speckled stockings, short black gaiters, black leather stock, the hair soaped and floured, a red pigtail, carter's whip.

OLLAPOD.—*First dress*: Old-fashioned black coat and waistcoat, leather breeches, military boots. *Second dress*: Yeomanry jacket, black stock, sword, helmet, belt, &c.

FREDERICK. Green broad-skirted coat, striped waistcoat, white cravat, buff leather tights, boots with brown tops; hair, without powder, worn rather long; sugar-loaf hat, with gold lace,

VALET.—Blue striped jacket, white waistcoat and trousers, shoes, white apron, &c.

EMILY WORTHINGTON.—Plain white muslin walking dress, similar to that worn by Pauline (The Lady of Lyons).

MISS LUCRETIA MAC TAB.—French-grey satin flowered dress, white satin petticoat, lace ruffles, stomacher and neckerchief, cap, apron; high-heeled shoes.

DAME HARROWBY.—Dark chintz gown, red petticoat, check apron, coloured neckerchief, cap; black shoes.

MARY.—Chintz gown, white petticoat and apron, cap, coloured neckerchief; black shoes.

THE POOR GENTLEMAN.

ACT I.

SCENE FIRST. — *A Farm-House Kitchen.*

Enter DAME HARROWBY and MARY, R.

DAME. Sure, my measter won't be worse nor his word, and fail to come back from Lunnun to-day?

MARY. That's what he won't, mother. Feyther be as true as the clock, which, for certain, do go but indifferent now, seeing it do stand still.

FARMER HARROWBY. (*without*) Woho! gently wi' 'em! So, there!

DAME. His voice, Mary, warn't it?

MARY. I do think so, fegs. Stay; (*looking off, L.*) Dear! here be a new drove of rare horned cattle coming into the yard!

DAME. Nay, then, I'll warrant my old man be among 'em.

MARY. Yes, there be feyther, as sure as twopence.

DAME. Run, Mary, 'tis my measter—run! (*Exit MARY, L.*) If I ben't all of a twitter to see my old John Harrowby again.

FARMER. (*without*) Gently wi' 'em! So, boys, so! See 'em well into the yard, Will, and I'll be wi' you, and the rest of the beasts, by an' bye.

Enter FARMER HARROWBY, L., followed by MARY.

Well, mistress, how am you?—Buss! (*kissing her*) So! Well, and how am you?

DAME. (R.) Purely, John, I thank you. Well, and how be you?

FARMER. (C.) Why, I be come from Lunnun, you see;

—I warrant I smell of smoke, like the Nag's Head chimney in the Borough.

DAME. And what be the freshest news stirring up at Lunnun, John?

FARMER. Freshest news! why, hops have a heavy sale; wheat and malting samples command a brisk market; new tick-beans am risen two shillings per quarter; and white and gray peas keep up to their prices.

MARY. (L.) Dear! how pleasant 'tis to get the news fresh from Lunnun. La, feyther! if you would but one of these days, now, just carry I up to Lunnun to learn the genteel fashions at Smithfield and the Borough, and see the stylish ladies there a bit!

FARMER. No, no, Mary—bide at farm, and know when you am well. But, mistress, let's hear a little all how and about it at home.

DAME. Why, first and foremost, John, our lodgers be come.

FARMER. No—you don't say so!

MARY. An hour a'ter you left us, feyther.

DAME. The old gentleman, Lieutenant Worthington——

MARY. And his daughter, Miss Emily——

DAME. And his sister-in-law, Madam Lucretia Mac Tab——

MARY. And his old soldiering servant, Corporal Foss——

FARMER. Whew! fair and softly—one at a time—one at a time.

DAME. The lieutenant be a staid-looking gentleman; and Madam Lucretia——

MARY. She be an old maid, feyther, and as frumpish a toad as ever——

FARMER. Why, your old maids, for the most part am but a cross-grained kind of a cattle—howsomdever, disappointment sours the best of folks.

DAME. But miss be the prettiest little creature——

MARY. And as sweet-tempered, feyther——

FARMER. Be she though?

MARY. No more pride nor our curate. She will fetch a walk with I, in the fields, as I go a milking; and speak so kind, and so soft; and carry my pail, if I would et

her; and all with as much descension and fallibility——

FARMER. Bless her heart!

STEPHEN HARROWBY. (*singing without, L.*) “There was a regiment of Irish dragoons——”

FARMER. What a dickens! be that son Stephen keeping such a clatter?

DAME. Ah! the boy be crazed, I do think, about soldiering, ever since the lieutenant’s servant, Corporal Foss, have discoursed to him about champaigning.

FARMER. Soldiering! I’ll soldier the dog, an’ he doesn’t stick to plough, wi’ a devil to ’un!

Enter STEPHEN HARROWBY, L., in a short frock, military spatterdashes, a black stock round his neck, his hair dressed like a soldier’s and a carter’s whip in his hand.

STEPHEN. Fethyer, you am welcome back to country quarters. Charming weather for the young wheat, feyther.

FARMER. Why, you booby! who ha’ made thee such a baboon?

STEPHEN. A baboon! (*laughing*) He! he! he! This be milentary, feyther.

DAME. The lad’s head be cracked, for certain.

FARMER. Cracked! Dang me, but it shall be cracked, an’ he don’t keep to his business! Answer me, you whelp, you! Who have soaped up, and floured your numskull after such a fashion?

STEPHEN. Lord, feyther, don’t be so vicious. Corporal Foss have put I a little upon drill, that be all.

FARMER. Upon drill! and leave the farm to go to rack and manger?

STEPHEN. No, feyther, no; I minds my work, and learns my exercise, all under one. I practise “Make ready,” and “Present!” in our bean-field; and when the corporal cries “Fire!” I shoots the carrion crows, as do the mischief. See, feyther—Corporal Foss have given I this pair of splatterdashes. He wore ’em when he went to beat the Spaniels, at Giberalter.

FARMER. I’ll tell thee what, Stephen, I have a great mind to beat thee worse nor e’er a spaniel was beat i’ the world. I’ll tire thee of soldiering, I warrant thee. Wauns! let me come at him.

DAME. No, John.

MARY. Hold, feyther, hold! } (*both interfering*)

STEPHEN. Don't be so hasty, feyther. I minds my business, I tell 'ee. I ha' sowed three acres of barley before breakfast, already.

FARMER. Well, come, there may be some hope, then, yet. And how didst sow it, Stephen?

STEPHEN. I sowed it to the tune of the Belleisle March. Tol diddle de dol, &c. (*sings, and crosses to R., and back to L.*)

FARMER. A plough-boy, wi' his hair dressed, sowing barley to the tune of the Belleisle March!

STEPHEN. Well, I ha' got the team at the door, wi' a load of straw for Squire Tallyho. Woho! my hearties! I be a coming to you. Feyther, corporal says, that our foremost horse, Argus, if he warn't blind, would make a genteel charger.

FARMER. Oh, plague o' the corporal!

STEPHEN. 'Twould do your heart good to hear him talk, in our chimney-corner, about mowing down men in the field of slaughter. Well, well, I be a going, feyther. Wohoo! old Argus and Jolly, there! The corporal was wounded, feyther, in the left knee, wi' a hand grenadiero.

FARMER. Wauns! an' you don't go, I'll——

STEPHEN. Well, well, I be going. (*shoulders his whip*) To the right about, feace! (*faces about*) "God save great George our King!" *Exit, marching and singing, L.*

FARMER. He sha'n't bide on the farm. I'll turn him adrift. I'll—— (*crosses to L.*)

MARY. (*crying*) Don't ye, feyther! don't ye be so bent against poor Stephen.

FARMER. Hoity toity! and you, too! Why, the whole house will be turned topsy-turvy.

MARY. No, indeed, feyther. Though Stephen be a little upset with the corporal, nobody shall turn I topsy-turvy, I do assure you, feyther.

EMILY WORTHINGTON. (*calling without, R.*) Mary!

MARY. There! if that ben't Miss Emily calling! Now, do, feyther, do forgive brother Stephen? Coming, miss! Now, do ye, feyther! Coming! *Exit, R.*

FARMER. Pretty goings on, truly. Dang it! I wish,

somehow, we hadn't let these lodgers into the house. But 'twill help us out with our rent, and——

DAME. (*shaking her head*) Ah, John Harrowby!

FARMER. Why, what now, deame?

DAME. By all I can pick out from the corporal, who do love to gossip over his beer, our money be but in a ticklish way.

FARMER. Eh! why, how so?

DAME. A desperate poor family, I fancy.

FARMER. What, then, the lieutenant——

DAME. Have been in the soldiering line for thirty long years; but an ugly wound in his arm, which he got in the wars, beyond sea, have made him unfit for his work any more, it do seem.

FARMER. Poor soul!

DAME. He be now upon half-pay: which be little enow for so many mouths in one family.

FARMER. Poor soul! His landlord in Lunnun wrote uncommon well, sure, about his character, and honesty, and so forth.

DAME. True, John; but he could stand it, in Lunnun, no longer, you do see.

FARMER. Why, lookye, deame—I didn't, of a certainty, intend to let our best parlours for nothing; but I wish I may be shot if I can give harsh treatment to an honest man, in misfortune, under my thatch, who ha' wasted his strength, and his youth, in guarding the land which do give us English farmers a livelihood!

DAME. Ah, John! you am at your old kind ways, now!

FARMER. Hark! he be opening the parlour door. Leave us together a bit, mistress; I'll speak to 'un, and——

DAME. Well, I'll go, John. Ah! bless thy good old heart! I do like to do a good turn myself; but, somehow, my old man do always get the start o' me. *Exit, L.*

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON, R.

FARMER. (*bowing*) A good day to you, sir! You am welcome into Kent, sir, to my humble cottage, here.

WORTH. Oh, my landlord, I suppose. Farmer Harrowby?

FARMER. Yes, sir, I be Farmer Harrowby. I hope all things am to your liking, at Stocks' Green, sir; I hope

the lodgings, sir, and my wife, have been agreeable to you, sir, and so forth.

WORTH. Nothing can be better. You are well situated here, Mr. Harrowby.

FARMER. We am all in the rough, sir—farmer-like; but the place be well enow for poor folk, sir.

WORTH. (*aside*) What does he mean by that?

FARMER. I be content in my station. There be no reason why a poor man should not be happy.

WORTH. (*half aside*) A million!

FARMER. Am there? Well, now, I can't see that: for, putting the case now, sir, that you was poor, like I—

WORTH. (*angrily*) I will not suffer you, sir, to put a case so familiarly curious.

FARMER. Nay, I meant no offence, I'll be sworn, sir.

WORTH. But if you wish to know my sentiments, as far as it may concern yourself, in any money transactions between us, be assured of this: I have too nice a sense of a gentleman's dignity, and too strong a feeling for a poor man's necessity, to permit him to wait a day for a single shilling which I am indebted to him.

FARMER. (*aside*) Dang it! he must be poor; for your great gentry, now-a-days, do pay in a clean contrary fashion.

WORTH. (*pulling out a purse*) I shall settle with you for the lodgings, Mr. Harrowby, weekly. One week is due to-day, and——

FARMER. No, sir, no; under favour, I would like it best quarterly—or half-yearly—or at any long time may suit your conveni—I mean, may suit your pleasure, sir.

WORTH. Why so?

FARMER. Because—humph! because, sir—Pray, if I may make so bold, sir, how often may the pay days come round with the army-gentlemen, and such like?

WORTH. Insolent! Receive your money, sir, and let me pass from your apartment. (*offers it*)

FARMER. Then I wish I may be burnt if I take it now, and that be flat, sir! (*rejecting it*) You am a brave good gentleman, I be told, sir, wi' a family, and—and—and—In short, there am some little shopmen of our village, who may press you hard to settle by the week: pay them

greedy ones first, sir; and if there be enow, at last, left for I, well and good; and if you am inclined for riding, sir, there be always a gelding at your service, without charge. I be a plain man, sir, but I do mean nothing but respect; and, so, I humbly wish you a good day, sir.

Exit, L.

WORTH. How am I mortified! What has this man heard? Is there a state more galling than to need the decent means of maintaining the appearance which liberal birth, education, and profession demand? Yes, yes, there is an aggravation—'tis to have a daughter nursed in her father's afflictions, with little more to share with her than the bread of his anguish, the bitter cup of his sorrows; to see, while I am sinking to my grave, my friendless, motherless child—— Let me draw a veil over this picture; twere not philosophy, but brutality, to look upon it unmoved.

Exit, R.

SCENE SECOND.—*An Apartment in Sir Charles Cropland's House—a table, gold chairs, &c.*

SIR CHARLES CROPLAND *discovered, at breakfast—his VALET DE CHAMBRE adjusting his hair.*

SIR C. (L.) Has old Warner, the steward, been told that I arrived last night?

VALET. Yes, Sir Charles; with orders to attend you this morning.

SIR C. (*yawning and stretching*) What can a man of fashion do with himself in the country, at this dull time of the year?

VALET. It is very pleasant to-day, out in the park, Sir Charles.

SIR C. Pleasant, you booby! How can the country be pleasant in the middle of spring? All the world's in London.

VALET. I think, somehow, it looks so lively, Sir Charles, when the corn is coming up.

SIR C. Blockhead! Vegetation makes the face of a country look frightful—it spoils hunting. Yet, as my business on my estate here, is to raise supplies for my

pleasures elsewhere, my journey is a wise one. What day of the month was it yesterday, when I left town, on this wise expedition?

VALET. The first of April, Sir Charles.

SIR C. Umph! When Mr. Warner comes, show him in.

VALET. I shall, Sir Charles.

Exit, R.

SIR C. This same lumbering timber upon my ground has its merits. Trees are notes issued from the bank of nature, and as current as those payable to Abraham Newland. I must get change for a few oaks, for I want cash consumedly.

Enter WARNER, R.

So, Mr. Warner!

WARNER. Your honour is right welcome into Kent. I am proud to see Sir Charles Cropland on his estate again. I hope you mean to stay on the spot for some time, Sir Charles.

SIR C. A very tedious time—three days, Mr. Warner.

WARNER. Ah, good sir! things would prosper better if you honoured us with your presence a little more. I wish you lived entirely upon the estate, Sir Charles.

SIR C. Thank you, Warner; but modern men of fashion find it devilish difficult to live upon their estates.

WARNER. The country about you so charming!

SIR C. Look ye, Warner: I must hunt in Leicestershire—for that's the thing. In the frosts, and the spring months, I must be in town, at the clubs—for that's the thing. In summer, I must be at the watering-places—for that's the thing. Now, Warner, under these circumstances, how is it possible for me to reside upon my estate? For my estate, being in Kent——

WARNER. The most beautiful part of the country!

SIR C. Curse beauty! We don't mind that in Leicestershire. My estate, I say, being in Kent——

WARNER. A land of milk and honey!

SIR C. I hate milk and honey!

WARNER. A land of fat!

SIR C. D——n your fat! Listen to me: my estate being in Kent——

WARNER. So woody!

SIR C. Curse the wood! No, that's wrong—for it's convenient; I am come on purpose to cut it.

WARNER. Ah! I was afraid so; Dice on the table, and, then, the axe to the root! Money lost at play, and then, good lack! the forest groans for it.

SIR C. But you are not the forest, and why the devil do you groan for it?

WARNER. I heartily wish, Sir Charles, you may not encumber the goodly estate. Your worthy ancestors had views for their posterity.

SIR C. And I shall have views for my posterity: I shall take special care the trees shan't intercept their prospect.

Re-enter VALET, R.

VALET. Mr. Ollapod, the apothecary, is in the hall, Sir Charles, to inquire after your health.

SIR C. Show him in. (*Exit VALET, R.*) The fellow's a character, and treats time as he does his patients. He shall kill a quarter of an hour for me, this morning. In short, Mr. Warner. I must have three thousand pounds in three days. Fell timber to that amount, immediately. 'Tis my peremptory order, sir.

WARNER. I shall obey you, Sir Charles; but 'tis with a heavy heart. Forgive an old servant of the family, if he grieves to see you forget some of the duties for which society has a claim upon you.

SIR C. What do you mean by duties?

WARNER. Duties, Sir Charles, which the extravagant man of property can never fulfil: such as to support the dignity of an English landholder, for the honour of old England; to promote the welfare of his honest tenants; and to succour the industrious poor, who naturally look up to him for assistance. But I shall obey you, Sir Charles.

Exit, R.

SIR C. A tiresome old blockhead! But where is this Ollapod? His jumble of physic and shooting may enliven me; and, to a man of gallantry, in the country, his intelligence is by no means uninteresting, nor his services inconvenient.

Enter OLLAPOD, R.

Ah! Ollapod!

OLLAPOD. Sir Charles, I have the honour to be your slave! Hope your health is good. Been a hard winter here—sore throats were plenty—so were woodcocks. Flushed four couple one morning, in a half-mile walk from our town, to cure Mrs. Quarles of a quinsey. May coming on soon, Sir Charles—season of delight, love, and campaigning! Hope you come to sojourn, Sir Charles. Shouldn't be always on the wing—that's being too flighty. (*laughing*) He! he! he!—Do you take, good sir? do you take?

SIR C. Oh, yes, I take. But, by the cockade in your hat, Ollapod, you have added lately, it seems, to your avocations.

OLLAPOD. He! he! Yes, Sir Charles. I have now the honour to be cornet in the volunteer association corps of our town. It fell out unexpected—pop, on a sudden; like the going off of a field-piece, or an alderman in an apoplexy.

SIR C. Explain.

OLLAPOD. Happening to be at home—rainy day—no going out to sport, blister, shoot, nor bleed—was busy behind the counter.—You know my shop, Sir Charles—Galen's head over the door—new gilt him last week, by the bye—looks as fresh as a pill.

SIR C. Well, no more on that head now. Proceed.

OLLAPOD. On that head! (*laughing*) He! he! he! That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Churchwarden Posh, of our town, being ill of an indigestion, from eating three pounds of measly pork, at a vestry dinner, I was making up a cathartic for the patient; when who should strut into the shop but Lieutenant Grains, the brewer, sleek as a dray-horse—in a smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle! I confess his figure struck me. I looked at him, as I was thumping the mortar, and felt instantly inoculated with a military ardour.

SIR C. Inoculated! I hope your ardour was of a favourable sort.

OLLAPOD. Ha! ha! That's very well—very well, in-

deed!—Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! We first talked of shooting—he knew my celebrity that way, Sir Charles. I told him, the day before, I had killed six brace of birds. I thumped on at the mortar.—We then talked of physic: I told him, the day before, I had killed—lost, I mean, six brace of patients. I thumped on at the mortar, eying him all the while; for he looked devilish flashy, to be sure; and I felt an itching to belong to the corps. The medical and military both deal in death, you know—so, 'twas natural. He! he!—Do you take, good sir? do you take.

SIR C. Take!—Oh, nobody can miss.

OLLAPOD. He then talked of the corps itself: said it was sickly; and if a professional person would administer to the health of the association, dose the men, and drench the horse, he could, perhaps, procure him a cornetcy.

SIR C. Well, you jumped at the offer?

OLLAPOD. Jumped! I jumped over the counter; kicked down Churchwarden Posh's cathartic into the pocket of Lieutenant Grain's smart scarlet jacket, tastily turned up with a rhubarb-coloured lapelle; embraced him and his offer; and I am now Cornet Ollapod, apothecary, at the Galen's Head, of the Association Corps of Cavalry, at your service!

SIR C. I wish you joy of your appointment. You may now distil water for the shop from the laurels you gather in the field.

OLLAPOD. Water for—Oh! laurel-water. He! he! Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! Why, I fancy fame will follow, when the poison of a small mistake I made, has ceased to operate.

SIR C. A mistake!

OLLAPOD. Having to attend Lady Kitty Carbuncle, on a grand field-day, I clapped a pint bottle of her ladyship's diet drink into one of my holsters, intending to proceed to the patient, after the exercise was over. I reached the martial ground, and jalloped—galloped, I mean—wheeled, and flourished, with great eclât; but when the word "Fire!" was given, meaning to pull out my pistol, in a deuce of a hurry, I presented, neck foremost, the confounded

diet-drink of Lady Kitty Carbuncle; and the medicine being, unfortunately, fermented by the jolting of my horse, it forced out the cork, with a prodigious pop, full in the face of my gallant commander.

SIR C. Ha, ha, ha! But, in the midst of so many pursuits, how proceeds practice among the ladies?

OLLAPOD. He! he! I should be sorry not to feel the pulse of a pretty woman now and then, Sir Charles. Do you take, good sir? do you take?

SIR C. Any new faces since I left the country?

OLLAPOD. Nothing worth an item—nothing new arrived in our town. In the village, to be sure, hard by, a most brilliant beauty has lately given lustre to the lodgings of farmer Harrowby.

SIR C. Indeed!—Is she come-at-able, Ollapod?

OLLAPOD. Oh, no; full of honour as a corps of cavalry, though plump as a partridge, and mild as emulsion. Miss Emily Worthington, I may venture to say——

SIR C. Hey! who?—Emily Worthington!

OLLAPOD. With her father——

SIR C. An old officer in the army?

OLLAPOD. The same.

SIR C. And a stiff maiden aunt?

OLLAPOD. Stiff as a ramrod.

SIR C. (*singing and dancing*) Tol de rol lol!

OLLAPOD. Bless me! he is seized with St. Vitus's dance!

SIR C. 'Tis she, by Jupiter!—My dear Ollapod!
(*embraces him*)

OLLAPOD. (*returning embrace*) Oh, my dear Sir Charles!

SIR C. The very girl who has just slipped through my fingers in London.

OLLAPOD. Oh, oh!

SIR C. You can serve me materially, Ollapod; I know your good nature in a case like this, and——

OLLAPOD. State the symptoms of the case, Sir Charles.

SIR C. Oh, common enough. Saw her in London by accident; wheedled the old maiden aunt; kept out of the father's way; followed Emily more than a month, without success; and eight days ago, she vanished. There's the outline.

OLLAPOD. I see no matrimonial symptoms in our case, Sir Charles.

SIR C. 'Sdeath! do you think me mad? But introduce yourself to the family, and pave the way for me. Come, mount your horse; I'll explain more as you go to the stable;—but I am in a flame—in a fever, till I hear further.

OLLAPOD. In a fever!—I'll send you physic enough to fill a baggage-waggon.

SIR C. (*aside*) So, a long bill as the price of his politeness!

OLLAPOD. You need not bleed, but you must have medicine.

SIR C. If I must have medicine, Ollapod, I fancy I shall bleed pretty freely.

OLLAPOD. (*laughing*) He! he!—Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one. Before dinner, a strong dose of coloquintida, senna, scammony, and gamboge.

SIR C. Oh! curse scammony and gamboge!

OLLAPOD. At night, a narcotic; next day, saline draughts, camphorated jalap, and——

SIR C. Zounds! only go, and I'll swallow your whole shop!

OLLAPOD. Galen forbid! 'Tis enough to kill every customer I have in the parish. Then we'll throw in the bark. By the bye, talking of bark, Sir Charles, that Juno of yours is the prettiest pointer bitch——

SIR C. Well, well—she is yours.

OLLAPOD. My dear Sir Charles! Such sport, next shooting season! If I had but a double-barrelled gun——

SIR C. Take mine, that hangs in the hall.

OLLAPOD. My dear Sir Charles! (*aside*) Here's a morning's work! (*aloud*) Senna and coloquintida——

SIR C. (*impatiently*) Well, begone, then!

OLLAPOD. (*going*) I'm off! (*returning*) Scammony and gamboge——

SIR C. Nay—fly, man!

OLLAPOD. (*alternately going and returning*) I do, Sir Charles. A double-barrelled gun!—I fly!—The bark—I'm going!—Juno, the bitch!—A narcotic——

SIR C. Oh! the devil! (*pushing him off, R.*)

[*If in Five Acts, the first ends here.*]

SCENE THIRD.—*The Outside of Farmer Harrowby's House.*

Enter FARMER HARROWBY *and* CORPORAL FOSS, R. U. E.

FARMER. (R.) We am not discoursing about your master's bravery, nor his ableness, Mr. Corporal; it be about his goodness, and that like.

FOSS. (L.) A good officer, do you see, can't help being a kind-hearted man; for one of his foremost duties tells him to study the comfort of the poor people below him.

FARMER. Dang it! that be the duty of our churchwardens; but many poor people do complain of 'em.

FOSS. An officer, Mr. Harrowby, isn't a bit like a churchwarden. Ship off an officer, we'll say, with his company, to a foreign climate: he lands, and endures heat, cold, fatigue, hunger, thirst, sickness;—now marching over the burning plain; now up to his knees in wet, in the trench; now——Rot it, farmer! how can a man suffer such hardships, with a parcel of honest fellows under his command, and not learn to feel for his fellow-creatures?

FARMER. Well, and that be true, sure! And have your master, Lieutenant Worthington, learnt this?

FOSS. His honour was beloved by the whole regiment, When his wife was shot in his arms, as she lay in his tent. there wasn't a dry eye in our corps.

FARMER. Shot in his arms! And was she, though?

FOSS. I never like to think on't, because—Pshaw! (*wiping his eyes*) I hate to be unsoldier-like; I whimpered enough about it seventeen years ago.

FARMER. Nay, take no shame, Mr. Corporal, take no shame. Honest tears, upon honest faces, am, for all the world, like growing showers upon my meadows—the wet do raise their value.

FOSS. However, he had something left to console him, after her death.

FARMER. And what ware that?

FOSS. 'Twas his child, Mr. Harrowby. Our Miss Emily was then but three years old. I have heard his honour say, her mother had fled to the abode of peace, and left her innocent in the lap of war.

FARMER. Pretty soul! she must ha' been quite scared and frightful.

Foss. She didn't know her danger. She little thought, then, that a chance-ball might take her father, too, and leave her a helpless orphan, in a strange country.

FARMER. And if it had so fell out?

Foss. Why, then, perhaps, nothing would have been left her but a poor corporal, to buckle her on his knapsack. But I would have struggled hard with fortune, to rake up a little pittance for the child of a kind master, whom I had followed through many a campaign, and seen fight his first battle, and his last.

FARMER. Do give us your hand, Mr. Corporal. I'll be shot now, if I could see an old soldier travelling by, wi' his knapsack loaded in that manner, and not call him in, to cheer the poor soul on his journey!

Foss. I thank you very kindly, Mr. Harrowby. But Providence ordered things otherwise: for, on the thirteenth of September, in the year eighty-two, a few months after my poor mistress's death, the bursting of a shell in the garrison crushed his honour's arm almost to shivers; and I got wounded on the cap of my knee here. It disabled us both from ever serving again.

FARMER. That turned out but a baddish day's work, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. It turned out one of the best day's work, for an Englishman, that ever was seen, Mr. Harrowby; for, on that day, our brave General Elliot gave the Frenchmen and Spaniards as hearty a drubbing, at Gibraltar, as ever they had in their lives. A true soldier, Mr. Harrowby, would part with all his limbs, and his life after them, rather than Old England should have lost the glory of that day.

FARMER. And how long, now, might you lay in your wounds and torments, Mr. Corporal?

Foss. 'Twas some time before either of us could be moved; and when we could—being unfit for duty any longer—I followed his honour, with little Miss Emily, into America, where the war was newly finished; for things are cheap there, Mr. Harrowby, and that best suits a lieutenant's pocket.

FARMER. I do fear it do indeed, Mr. Corporal.

Foss. But we had a pretty cottage in Canada, on the

banks of the river St. Lawrence; shut out from all the world, as I may say.

FARMER. Desperate lonesome, sure, for soldiers, who am used to be in a bustle.

FOSS. Why, we soon grew used to it, Mr. Harrowby; and should never have left it perhaps, if something hadn't called his honour, a year ago, into England.

FARMER. Well, I must away about the farm; and do tell your master, Mr. Corporal—tell him gently though, for he be a little touchy like, I do see—that if so be things am cheap in America, they mayn't be found a morsel dearer here, when a wounded English soldier do sit at the door of an English farmer. *Exit, R.*

Enter STEPHEN HARROWBY, L.

STEPHEN. (*singing*) "Dumbarton's drums beat bonny, Oh!" If you am exposed to drill a bit, corporal, now be your time.

FOSS. You are back early to-day, my honest lad.

STEPHEN. Yes; I do love to be betimes at parade. You'll never find I last comer, when men am to be mustarded. I ha' finished my day's work out-right.

FOSS. You have lost no time, then.

STEPHEN. No; I ha' lost a cart and horses.

FOSS. Lost a cart and horses!

STEPHEN. Aye, as good; for as I ware a coming back, empty-handed, wi' our cart, I thought I might as well practise a little, as I walked by the side on't;—so I held up my head—in the military fashion, you do know—and began a marching, near-foot foremost, to the tune of the British Grenadiers.

FOSS. Well?

STEPHEN. Dang it! while I were a carrying my head up, 'as straight as a hop-pole, our leading horse, blind Argus, drags lean Jolly, wi' the cart at his tail, into a slough.

FOSS. Zounds! so you plunged the baggage into a morass?

STEPHEN. I don't know what you do call a morass; but they am sticking up to their necks in the mud, at the bottom of Waggon Lodge Field.

FOSS. Oh, fie! you should have looked to them better.

STEPHEN. Look to 'em! Why, how could that possible

be, mun, when you teach'd I to hold my nose to the clouds, like a pig in the wind?

OLLAPOD. (*without, L.*) Here, Juno! Juno! Put my pointer into your stable, my lad. Thank ye—if ever you're ill, I'll physic you for nothing.

STEPHEN. Oh, that be Mr. Ollapod, the pottercarrier.

Enter OLLAPOD, with a double-barrelled gun, L.

OLLAPOD. Stephen, how's your health? Fine weather for the farmers. (*crossing to c.*) Corporal, I've heard of you:—charming spring for campaigning!—I am Cornet Ollapod, at the Galen's Head; come to pay my respects to your family. Stephen, how's your father, and his hogs, geese, daughter, wife, bullocks, and so forth? Are the partridges beginning to lay yet, Stephen?

STEPHEN. (*L.*) Am you come to shoot the young birds, before they am hatched, wi' that double-barrelled gun, Mr. Ollapod?

OLLAPOD. (*C.*) Come, that's very well! very well indeed for a bumpkin! Thank you, good Stephen; I owe you half a one! (*to CORPORAL FOSS*) I hope your master Lieutenant Worthington's well, whose acquaintance I covet. We soldiers mix together as naturally as medicine in a mortar.

FOSS. (*R.*) Is your honour in the army then?

STEPHEN. He be only a coronet in the town corpse.

OLLAPOD. (*aside*) I wish that lout had a locked jaw! Our Association is as fine, and I may say, without vanity, will be as healthy a corps when their spring physic is finished, as any regular regiment in England.

FOSS. Why, your honour, I have seen a good deal of service in the regular way, and know nothing about associations; but I think, an' please your honour, if men take up arms to defend their country, they deserve to be thanked and respected for it; and it doesn't signify a brass farthing what they are called.

OLLAPOD. Right—the name's nothing; merit's all. Rhubarb's rhubarb, call it what you will. Do you take, corporal? do you take?

FOSS. I never took any in all my life, an' please your honour.

OLLAPOD. That's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, corporal—I owe you one! Now, introduce me to the family.

FOSS. I can't without orders; and his honour has walked out.

OLLAPOD. That's right; exercise is conducive to health, I'll walk in. (*goes to door*)

FOSS. (*interposing*) Under favour, your honour, I stand sentinel here, and I can't let a stranger pass, without consulting the garrison. If you please to saunter about for half an hour. I shall speak to our ladies, and——

OLLAPOD. Well, do so. Stephen, come with me about the grounds.

STEPHEN. I don't like to march wi' you, Mr. Ollapod—you am no regular. Dang me, if I budge wi' him, corporal, without your word of command!

OLLAPOD. But, zounds! I'm of the cavalry.

STEPHEN. No matter for that. You am upon our ground, and unhorsed. Now, corporal.

OLLAPOD. Well, if I must, I——

FOSS. Attention! Shoulder arms—Right-face—March!

STEPHEN. Come, pottercarrier. (*singing*) Tol de rol, &c.

STEPHEN and OLLAPOD *march round the Stage and off*, L.—CORPORAL FOSS *into the house*, R. U. E.

SCENE FOURTH.—*A Parlour in Farmer Harrowby's House—chairs, and a table, with workboxes, pens, ink, paper, &c.*

MISS LUCRETIA MAC TAB *discovered looking over a shabby memorandum book, and EMILY WORTHINGTON, at needle-work, seated at a table.*

MISS L. (R.) Miss Emily Worthington, you have worked those flowers most miserably, child.

EMILY. (L.) Dear, now, I am very sorry for that. I was in hopes they might have sold for something at London, that I might have surprised my father with the money.

MISS L. Sold!—Ah, you have none of the proper pride which my side of the family should have given you. But let me look over my expenses since we have been here. (*reading*) “To one week's washing and darning for the

Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, one and sevenpence." —By the bye, Miss Emily, that sprig of myrtle is thicker than a birch-broom, and the white rose looks just like a powder-puff.

EMILY. Indeed, I copied them from nature, grand aunt.

MISS L. Grand aunt! You know I hate that hideous title; but 'tis the fault of your wild American education.

EMILY. Nay, there can be no fault in that; for my dear father educated me himself, in our little cottage, in Canada.

MISS L. He might have taught you, then, a little more respect for me, who am of the elevated part of the family.

—(*reading*) "Snuff from the chandler, a halfpenny."—

—You know, child, I am your relation, on your deceased mother's side, and of the noble blood of the Mac Tabs.

EMILY. Yes, I know that now; but my poor mother had no relation on her side, when her father, Lord Lofty, abandoned her for marrying.

MISS L. My brother, Lord Lofty, acted as became his rank. You will please to recollect he was one of the oldest barons in Scotland.

EMILY. Was he, indeed! And you were born only three years after him, grand aunt!

MISS L. Miss Emily, your ignorance is greater than—(*rising*) I meant, his title is one of the most ancient of the barony; and he might well be offended at the marriage of my deceased niece, his daughter; for, you know, your father is a mere——But, no matter.

EMILY. Indeed, but it does matter, though. My father is a gentleman, by birth, education, and manners; and that's a character as well deserving respect as the proudest peer of the realm.

MISS L. And, pray, what have I insinuated against your father? On the contrary, you might remember how handsomely I have offered him my countenance.

EMILY. I remember it was a year ago that you came, and said you would live with us; when your brother, Lord Lofty, died so much in debt, and left you destitute.

MISS L. More shame for him! But didn't I, then, affectionately fly to your father, and tell him I would allow him the honour to maintain me for the future? And

haven't I, notwithstanding his obscure situation, and narrow finances, kindly lived at the lieutenant's charge, in the most condescending way in the world?

EMILY. Condescending!

Miss L. Yes, Miss Emily; but, it seems, by forgetting me, you forget yourself.

EMILY. No, indeed; I know my situation. I am a poor officer's child, born in the seat of war; reared afterwards in the wilds of America—reared by a kind father, with more cost than his poverty could well bestow. He has dropped, in our retreat, many and many a tear of affection on me; and, as often as I have seen him mourn my mother's loss, I have wondered to think that her father, in splendour, could be so hard-hearted, while mine, in poverty, was so kind!

Miss L. Still on the cruelty of your mother's relations! But, would you be guided by me, Miss Emily, I would make your fortune. Had you followed my opinion, before we left town, relative to Sir Charles Cropland, as a husband——

EMILY. Oh, pray don't mention his name!

Miss L. And why not, Miss Emily?

EMILY. Because I am sure he is a libertine. The familiar looks he gave me——

Miss L. Looks! psha! Sir Charles's are the manners, child, of our young men of high fashion.

EMILY. 'Tis a great pity, then, our young men of high fashion have so insulting a way of noticing lowly virtue. A coxcomb, that stares humblemodesty out of countenance, must be a very cruel coxcomb; and 'tis a sad thing for the heart to be unfeeling, when the head is empty.

Miss L. Ha! another of your Canada crotchets, hatched on the banks of St. Lawrence, where solitude sits brooding on romance! But will you follow my counsel?

EMILY. In respect to Sir Charles Cropland? No—never. You received his visits without my father's knowledge. I would not wed the worthiest man without his consent; and he would not command me to marry the wealthiest, whom I could not esteem.

Miss L. Pshaw! your father's doctrines, child, have made him a beggar.

EMILY. (*with warmth*) A beggar! No, madam; he is rich enough to shelter you, who asperse him.

Miss L. Shelter!—Shelter, indeed, to a Mac Tab, who affords him her countenance! I shall acquaint your father, Miss Emily, with your rudeness to me.

EMILY. Acquaint him with all, madam. Tell him, when his daughter hears him misrepresented by——Tell him——You break my heart, madam! Tell him what you please.

Enter CORPORAL FOSS, R.

Foss. I am come, an' please you, with intelligence of—What, is my young lady a crying?

Miss L. Deliver your message, fellow, and ask no questions!

Foss. An' please your ladyship's honour, when an old soldier sees a woman in distress, 'tis to be hoped he may take just half a moment to give her some comfort. (*crossing to c.*) Miss Emily!

Miss L. (R.) Blockhead! what excuse has a soldier for half a moment's delay in his business?

Foss. (C.) The best excuse, an' please you, may be half a moment's charity. A kind commander is loth to punish a poor fellow for doing what heaven rewards. (*going to EMILY*) What's the matter, Miss Emily?

EMILY. (L.) 'Tis nothing, good corporal; lead me to the door of my chamber. (*Foss is going*)

Miss L. You may be taught your duty to me better, sir.

Foss. I humbly beg pardon; but my first duty, in these quarters, is to my master, and his child; I know that as a servant. My second is, to a woman in grief; I am sure of that, as a man. My third is to your ladyship's honour; and I'll be back to perform it in as quick a march as a cripple can make of it. Come, Miss Emily, come!

Exit, leading EMILY, L.

Miss L. Provoking! a stupid, technical, old——But what can a woman of birth expect, when the ducks waddle into her drawing-room, and her groom of the chambers is a lame soldier of foot?

Re-enter CORPORAL FOSS, L.

Foss. (*crossing to R.*) There is one Mr. Ollapod at the

gate, an' please your ladyship's honour, come to pay a visit to the family.

MISS L. Ollapod? What is the gentleman?

FOSS. He says he's a cornet in the Galen's Head. 'Tis the first time I ever heard of the corps.

MISS L. Ha! some new raised regiment. Show the gentleman in. (*Exit Foss, R.*) The country, then, has heard of my arrival at last. A woman of condition in a family can never long conceal her retreat. Ollapod! that sounds like an ancient name. If I am not mistaken, he is nobly descended.

Enter OLLAPOD, R.

OLLAPOD. Madam, I have the honour of paying my respects! Sweet spot here, among the cows; good for consumptions. Charming woods hereabouts! Pheasants flourish—so do agues. Sorry not to see the good lieutenant—admire his room—hope soon to have his company. Do you take, good madam? do you take?

MISS L. I beg, sir, you will be seated.

OLLAPOD. (*places chairs and sits down, R. C.*) Oh, dear madam! (*aside*) A charming chair to bleed in?

MISS L. I am sorry Mr. Worthington is not at home to receive you, sir.

OLLAPOD. You are a relation of the lieutenant, madam?

MISS L. I! only by his marriage, I assure you, sir. Aunt to his deceased wife. But I am not surprised at your question. My friends in town would wonder to see the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, sister to the late Lord Lofty, cooped up in a farm-house.

OLLAPOD. (*aside*) The Honourable! Humph! a bit of quality tumbled into decay. The sister of a dead peer in a pig-stye!

MISS L. You are of the military, I am informed, sir.

OLLAPOD. He! he! yes, madam. Cornet Ollapod, of our volunteers—a fine healthy troop, ready to give the enemy a dose, whenever they dare to attack us.

MISS L. I was always prodigiously partial to the military. My great grandfather, Marmaduke, Baron Lofty, commanded a troop of horse, under the Duke of Marlborough, that famous general of his age.

OLLAPOD. Marlborough was a hero of a man, madam, and lived at Woodstock—a sweet sporting country, where Rosamond perished by poison—arsenic, as like as any thing.

MISS L. And have you served much, Mr. Ollapod?

OLLAPOD. He! he! Yes, madam—served all the nobility and gentry for miles round.

MISS L. Sir!

OLLAPOD. And shall be happy to serve the good lieutenant, and his family. (*bows*)

MISS L. We shall be proud of your acquaintance, sir. A gentleman of the army is always an acquisition among the Goths and Vandals of the country, where every sheepish squire has the air of an apothecary.

OLLAPOD. Madam! An apothecary—Zounds!—hum!—He! he! I—You must know, I—(*sheepishly*) I deal a little in Galenicals, myself.

MISS L. Galenicals! Oh, they are for operations, I suppose, among the military.

OLLAPOD. Operations! He! he! Come, that's very well very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam, I owe you one. Galenicals, madam, are medicines.

MISS L. Medicines.

OLLAPOD. Yes, physic: buckthorn, senna and so forth.

MISS L. (*rising*) Why, then, you are an apothecary!

OLLAPOD. (*rising and bowing*) And man-midwife, at your service, madam!

MISS L. At my service, indeed!

OLLAPOD. Yes, madam: Cornet Ollapod, at the gilt Galen's Head—of the Volunteer Association Corps of Cavalry; as ready for the foe as a customer—always willing to charge them both. Do you take, good madam do you take?

MISS L. And has the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab been talking all this while to a petty dealer in drugs?

OLLAPOD. Drugs! (*aside*) D—me! she turns up her honourable nose, as if she was going to swallow them!—(*aloud*) No man more respected than myself, madam;—courted by the corps—idolized by invalids; and, for a shot—ask my friend, Sir Charles Cropland.

MISS L. Is Sir Charles Cropland a friend of yours, sir?

OLLAPOD. Intimate. He doesn't make wry faces at physic, whatever others may do, madam. This village flanks the intrenchments of his park—full of fine fat venison, which is as light a food for digestion as——

MISS L. But he is never on his estate here, I am told.

OLLAPOD. He quarters there at this moment.

MISS L. Bless me! has Sir Charles, then——

OLLAPOD. Told me all—your accidental meeting in the metropolis, and his visits when the lieutenant was out.

MISS L. Oh, shocking!—I declare I shall faint!

OLLAPOD. Faint!—Never mind that, with a medical man in the room; I can bring you about in a twinkling.

MISS L. And what has Sir Charles Cropland presumed to advance about me?

OLLAPOD. Oh, nothing derogatory—respectful as a duck-legged drummer to a commander-in-chief.

MISS L. I have only proceeded in this affair from the purest motives, and in a mode becoming a Mac Tab.

OLLAPOD. None dare to doubt it.

MISS L. And if Sir Charles has dropped in, to a dish of tea with myself and Emily, in London, when the lieutenant was out, I see no harm in it.

OLLAPOD. Nor I neither; except that tea shakes the nervous system to shatters. But to the point: the baronet's my bosom friend;—having heard you were here, "Ollapod," says he, squeezing my hand in his own, which had strong symptoms of fever, "Ollapod," says he, "you are a military man, and may be trusted." "I'm a cornet," says I, "and close as a pill box." "Fly, then, to Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, that honourable picture of prudence——"

MISS L. He! he!—Did Sir Charles say that?

OLLAPOD. (*aside*) How these tabbies love to be toaded!

MISS L. In short, Sir Charles, I perceive, has appointed you his emissary, to consult with me when he may have an interview.

OLLAPOD. Madam, you are the sharpest shot at the truth I ever met in my life. And now we are in consultation, what think you of a walk with Miss Emily, by the old elms, at the back of the village, this evening?

MISS L. Why, I am willing to take any steps which may promote Emily's future welfare.

OLLAPOD. Take steps!—What in a walk? He! he! Come that's very well—very well indeed! Thank you, good madam; I owe you one! I shall communicate to my friend with due despatch. Command Cornet Ollapod on all occasions; and whatever the gilt Galen's Head can produce——

MISS L. (*curtseying*) Oh, sir!

OLLAPOD. By the bye, I have some double-distilled lavender-water, much admired in our corps. Permit me to send a pint bottle, by way of present.

MISS L. Dear sir, I shall rob you.

OLLAPOD. Quite the contrary—(*aside*)—for I'll set it down to Sir Charles as a quart. (*bowing to LUCRETIA*) Madam, your slave! (*going, R.*) You have prescribed for our patient like an able physician. (*LUCRETIA crosses to R.*) Not a step!

MISS L. Nay, I insist!

OLLAPOD. Then I must follow in the rear: the physician always before the apothecary.

MISS L. Apothecary!—Sir, in this business, I look upon you as a general officer.

OLLAPOD. Do you? Thank you, good ma'am; I owe you one! [*Exeunt, R.*]

[*When played in Five Acts, the Second ends here.*]

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.—*An Apartment in Sir Robert Bramble's House—chairs, &c.*

Enter SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE *and* HUMPHREY DOBBINS, *R.*

SIR ROB. I tell you what, Humphrey Dobbins—there isn't a syllable of sense in all you have been saying; but, I suppose, you will maintain that there is?

DOBBINS. Yes.

SIR ROB. Yes!—Is that the way you talk to me, you old boar? What's my name?

DOBBINS. Robert Bramble.

SIR ROB. Ar'n't I a baronet—Sir Robert Bramble, at

Blackberry Hall, in the county of Kent? 'Tis time you should know it; for you have been my clumsy, two-fisted valet-de-chambre these thirty years. Can you deny that?

DOBBINS. Umph!

SIR ROB. Umph!—What the devil do you mean by umph? Open the rusty door of your mouth, and make your ugly voice walk out of it. Why don't you answer my question?

DOBBINS. Because, if I contradicted you there, I should tell a lie; and whenever I agree with you, we are sure to fall out.

SIR ROB. Humphrey Dobbins, I have been so long endeavouring to beat a few brains into your pate, that all your hair has tumbled off it, before I can carry my point.

DOBBINS. What then? Our parson says—my head is an emblem of both our honours.

SIR ROB. Aye, because honours, like your head, are apt to be empty.

DOBBINS. No; but if a servant has grown bald under his master's nose, it looks as if there was honesty on one side, and regard for it on t'other.

SIR ROB. Why, to be sure, old Humphrey, you are as honest a——Pshaw! the parson means to palaver us!—But, to return to my position—I tell you, I don't like your flat contradiction.

DOBBINS. Yes, you do.

SIR ROB. I tell you, I don't. I only love to hear men's arguments, and I hate their flummery.

DOBBINS. What do you call flummery?

SIR ROB. Flattery, you blockhead!—a dish too often served up by paltry poor men to paltry rich ones.

DOBBINS. I never serve it up to you.

SIR ROB. No, I'll be sworn: you give me a dish of a different description.

DOBBINS. Umph!—What is it?

SIR ROB. Sour krout, you old crab.

DOBBINS. I have held you a stout tug at argument this many a year.

SIR ROB. And yet I could never teach you a syllogism. Now, mind: when a poor man assents to what a rich man says, I suspect he means to flatter him. Now I am rich,

and hate flattery; *ergo*, when a poor man subscribes to my opinion, I hate him.

DOBBINS. That's wrong.

SIR ROB. Very well—*negatur*. Now prove it.

DOBBINS. Put the case so, then: I am a poor man—

SIR ROB. You lie, you scoundrel!—You know you shall never want while I have a shilling.

DOBBINS. Bless you!

SIR ROB. Psha!—Proceed.

DOBBINS. Well, then, I am a poor——I must be a poor man now, or I shall never get on.

SIR ROB. Well, get on—be a poor man!

DOBBINS. I am a poor man, and I argue with you, and convince you you are wrong; then you call yourself a blockhead, and I am of your opinion. Now, that's no flattery.

SIR ROB. Why, no; but when a man's of the same opinion with me, he puts an end to the argument, and that puts an end to conversation; so I hate him for that. But where's my nephew, Frederick?

DOBBINS. Been out these two hours.

SIR ROB. An undutiful cub! only arrived from Russia last night; and, though I told him to stay at home till I rose, he's scampering over the fields, like a Calmuc Tartar.

DOBBINS. He's a fine fellow.

SIR ROB. He has a touch of our family. Don't you think he's a little like me, Humphrey?

DOBBINS. Bless you, not a bit: you are as ugly an old man as ever I clapped eyes on.

SIR ROB. Now, that's infernally impudent! But there's no flattery in it, and it keeps up the independence of argument. His father, my brother Job, is of as tame a spirit——Humphrey, you remember my brother Job?

DOBBINS. Yes; you drove him to Russia five and twenty years ago.

SIR ROB. (*angrily*) I drove him!

DOBBINS. Yes, you did: you would never let him be at peace, in the way of argument.

SIR ROB. At peace!—Zounds! he would never go to war.

DOBBINS. He had the merit to be calm.

SIR ROB. So has a duck-pond. He was a bit of still life; a chip; weak water-gruel; a tame rabbit, boiled to rags, without sauce or salt. He received men's arguments with his mouth open. like a poor's-box gaping for half-pence; and, good or bad, he swallowed them all, without any resistance. We couldn't disagree, and so we parted.

DOBBINS. And the poor, meek gentleman went to Russia for a quiet life.

SIR ROB. A quiet life!—Why, he married the moment he got there; tacked himself to the shrew relit of a Russian merchant; and continued a speculation with her in furs, flax, pot-ashes, tallow, linen, and leather. And what's the consequence? Thirteen months ago he broke.

DOBBINS. Poor soul! his wife should have followed the business for him.

SIR ROB. I fancy she did follow it, for she died just as it went to the devil. And now this mad-cap, Frederick, is sent over to me for protection. Poor Job! now he's in distress, I mustn't neglect his son.

(FREDERICK *is heard singing without, L.*)

DOBBINS. Here comes his son—that's Mr. Frederick.

Enter FREDERICK, L.

FRED. Ah! my dear uncle, good morning! Your park is nothing but beauty.

SIR ROB. Who bid you caper over my beauty? I told you to stay in doors till I got up.

FRED. Eh?—Egad! so you did. I had as entirely for gotten it as——

SIR ROB. And, pray, what made you forget it?

FRED. The sun.

SIR ROB. The sun!—He's mad! You mean the moon, I believe.

FRED. Oh, my dear sir! you don't know the effect of a fine spring morning upon a young fellow just arrived from Russia. The day looked bright—trees budding—birds singing—the park was gay—so, egad! I took a hop, step, and a jump, out of your old balcony; made your deer fly before me like the wind; and chased them all round the park to get an appetite, while you were snoring in bed, uncle!

SIR ROB. Ah! so the effect of an English sun upon a young Russian is, to make him jump out of a balcony, and worry my deer?

FRED. I confess it had that influence upon me.

SIR ROB. You had better be influenced by a rich old uncle; unless you think the sun likely to leave you a fat legacy.

FRED. Sir, I hate fat legacies.

SIR ROB. Sir, that's mighty singular. They are pretty solid tokens of kindness, at least.

FRED. Very melancholy tokens, uncle: they are the posthumous despatches Affection sends to Gratitude, to inform us we have lost a generous friend.

SIR ROB. (*aside*) How charming the dog argues!

FRED. But I own my spirits ran away with me this morning. I will obey you better in future; for they tell me you are a very worthy, good sort of old gentleman.

SIR ROB. Now who had the familiar impudence to tell you that?

FRED. (L.) Old Rusty, there.

SIR ROB. (C.) Why, Humphrey, you didn't?

DOBBINS. (R.) Yes, but I did, though.

FRED. Yes, he did; and, on that score, I shall be anxious to show you obedience;—for, 'tis as meritorious to attempt sharing in a good man's heart, as it is paltry to have designs upon a rich man's money. A noble nature aims its attentions full breast high, uncle; a mean mind levels its dirty assiduities at the pocket.

SIR ROB. (*embracing him*) Jump out of every window. I have in my house! hunt my deer into high fevers, my fine fellow!—Ay, this is spirit, and plain speaking! Give me a man who is always plumping his dissent to my doctrines smack in my teeth!

FRED. I disagree with you there, uncle.

DOBBINS. So do I.

FRED. You, you forward puppy!—If you were not so old, I'd knock you down.

SIR ROB. I'll knock you down, if you do! I won't have my servants thumped into dumb flattery; I won't let you teach 'em to make silence a toad-eater!

DOBBINS. Come, you're ruffled. Let's go to the business of the morning.

SIR ROB. Confound the business of the morning! Don't you see we are engaged in discussion? I hate the business of the morning.

DOBBINS. No, you don't.

SIR ROB. And why not?

DOBBINS. Because 'tis charity.

SIR ROB. Psha!—Well, we mustn't neglect business. If there be any distresses in the parish, read the morning list, Humphrey. (*sits*)

DOBBINS. (*taking out a paper and looking over it*) Jonathan Huggins, of Muck Mead, is put into prison.

SIR ROB. Why, 'twas but last week, Gripe the attorney, recovered two cottages for him by law, worth sixty pounds.

DOBBINS. And charged a hundred and ten for his trouble. So seized the cottages for part of his bill, and threw Jonathan in goal for the remainder.

SIR ROB. A harpy!—I must relieve the poor fellow's distress.

FRED. And I must kick his attorney,

DOBBINS. (*looking at the list*) The curate's horse is dead.

SIR ROB. Psha! there's no distress in that.

DOBBINS. Yes, there is—to a man who must go twenty miles every Sunday to preach three sermons, for thirty pounds a year.

SIR ROB. Why won't Punmock, the vicar, give him another nag?

DOBBINS. Because 'tis cheaper to get another curate ready mounted.

SIR ROB. What's the name of the black pad I purchased last Tuesday, at Tunbridge?

DOBBINS. Beelzebub.

SIR ROB. Send Beelzebub to the curate, and tell him to work him as long as he lives.

FRED. And if you have a tumble-down tit, send *him* to the vicar, to give him a chance of breaking his neck.

SIR ROB. What else?

DOBBINS. Somewhat out of the common. There's one Lieutenant Worthington, a disabled officer and a widower, come to lodge at Farmer Harrowby's, in the village. He's plaguy poor indeed, it seems, but more proud than poor, and more honest than proud.

FRED. That sounds like a noble character.

SIR ROB. And so he sends to me for assistance?

DOBBINS. He'd see you hanged first! Harrowby says, he'd sooner die than ask any man for a shilling. There's his daughter, and his dead wife's aunt, and an old corporal, that has served in the wars with him: he keeps them all upon his half-pay.

SIR ROB. Starves them all, I am afraid, Humphrey.

FRED. (*crossing to R.*) Uncle, good morning!

SIR ROB. Where the devil are you running now?

FRED. To talk to Lieutenant Worthington.

SIR ROB. And what may you be going to say to him?

FRED. I can't tell till I encounter him! and then, uncle, when I have an old gentleman by the hand, who is disabled in his country's service, and struggling to support his motherless child, a poor relation, and a faithful servant, in honourable indigence, impulse will supply me with words to express my sentiments. (*hurrying off*)

SIR ROB. Stop you rogue!—I must be before you in this business.

FRED. That depends upon who can run the fastest. So, start fair, uncle; and here goes! *Exit hastily, R*

SIR ROB. Stop! why, Fredrick!—A jackanapes! to take my department out of my hands! I'll disinherit the dog for his assurance!

DOBBINS. No you won't.

SIR ROB. Won't I? The devil take me, if I——But we'll argue that point as we go. Come along, Humphrey!

Exeunt, R.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Interior of Farmer Harrowby's House.*

Enter CORPORAL FOSS, L., and crossing to R., followed by STEPHEN HARROWBY.

STEPHEN. (*calling after him*) Hollo! I say Mr Corporal!

FOSS. Ah, Master Stephen! is it you?

STEPHEN. What do you think I ha' been about?

FOSS. Getting the cart and horses out of the mud, I suppose.

STEPHEN. No; feyther's head man be gone to dextricate the cattle. But you was telling I t'other day, you do know, about a springing up of a mine, which be done by a man they do call a pie on an ear.

FOSS. A pioneer is our name for it, my honest lad.—Aye, I have seen some of that work in my day, Master Stephen. If we could get but a little spot of ground, now, with a bit of good-for-nothing building upon it——

STEPHEN. I ha' found out just such a pleace, Mr. Corporal.

FOSS. Then I'll show you the whole process.

STEPHEN. I ha' done the whole progress myself.

FOSS. Have you?

STEPHEN. You do know feyther's pig-stye?

FOSS. Yes; it stands on the edge of the dry ditch, at the back of the house.

STEPHEN. That's where it did use to stand, sure enow; but I ha' blowed it up wi' gunpowder.

FOSS. The devil you have!—And how?

STEPHEN. All accordiug to rule, mun—just as you laid it down. I bored a hole under the ditch wi' the peel of our oven, and then I laid in my bumbustibles.

FOSS. Well?

STEPHEN. Why, I clapped the kitchen poker to un, red hot; and it all went up wi' a desperate complosion, just as you destroyed that outlandish buttery.

(turns round and shows the right side of his face, covered with black)

FOSS. Bless us, Master Stephen! then you have ruined the town in cold blood, and killed all the inhabitants!

STEPHEN. No: the inhabitants am lying in the ditch, as pert as daisies; only the little pigs am singed quite bald, and the old white sow be as black as the devil.

Enter MARY, L.

MARY. Brother Stephen! come here, brother Stephen. Feyther do vow vengeance against ye. If you do go on o' this fashion, what will the neighbours call ye, Stephen?

STEPHEN. Call me!—Why, a perspiring young hero, of five foot six inches, willing to mortalise himself in the field of March!

FOSS. His honour is come home; I must go in for orders.

MARY. Oh, Mr. Corporal, Joe Shambles, the butcher's boy, ha' brought this from our town for your master.

(gives a letter)

FOSS. One letter! Is this all he left for us, my pretty maid?

MARY. No; he left a leg of mutton.

FOSS. Oh!

Exit, R. U. E.

STEPHEN. How stately Mr. Corporal do march, surely!—He be as upright as our gander. Come, Mary; afore feyther do come home, lets you and I go wash the gunpowder pigs.

MARY. How, Stephen?

STEPHEN. We'll go to the dairy, and chuck 'em into the milk pails.

FARMER. *(calling without, L.)* Stephen!

STEPHEN. Wauns? there be feyther!—Run, Mary, run!

Exeunt, R. 1 E.

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON *and* CORPORAL FOSS,
R. U. E.

WORTH. Where are the ladies, corporal?

FOSS. They are gone to take a walk, an' please your honour.

WORTH. *(seating himself)* Oh! mine has somewhat fatigued me.

FOSS. Under favour, I think your honour takes too much exercise: it always brings on the torment in your wound again.

WORTH. You bustle about for me more than I could wish, corporal. You got your wound in an ugly place, you know.

FOSS. I got it at Gibraltar—the same ugly place with your honour. That cursed shell struck us both together.

WORTH. *(sighing)* I remember it did, corporal.

FOSS. And when I lay on the ground, and your honour's left arm was so terribly wounded, you stretched out your right to help me.

WORTH. I don't remember that, corporal.

FOSS. Don't you?—But I do; *(warmly)* and I wish I may be damned if ever I forget it!

WORTH. Well, well; do not let us swear about it, corporal.

FOSS. I hate swearing, your honour, as much as our chaplain loved brandy; but when a man's heart's too full, I fancy, somehow, there's an oath at the top on't, and when that pops out, he's easy. Ah! we had warm work that day, your honour.

WORTH. We had, indeed, corporal.

FOSS. There was Crillon's batteries, and four thousand men, behind us at land.

WORTH. Moreno, with his fleet, before us at sea.

FOSS. At ten in the morning, the Spanish admiral began his cannonade.

WORTH. Our battery from the king's bastion opened directly.

FOSS. Red-hot shot poured from the garrison!

WORTH. Cannons roar!

FOSS. Mortars and howitzers!

WORTH. The enemy's shipping in flames!

FOSS. Fire again!

WORTH. They burn!

FOSS. They blow up!

WORTH. They sink!

FOSS. Victory!—Old England for ever, your honour! Huzza!

WORTH. Aye, corporal, against the world in arms, Old England for ever!

BOTH. Huzza! Huzza! Huzza!

FOSS. (*gravely, after a pause*) We have no limbs to help our country now;—we shall never fight for Old England again, your honour!

WORTH. (*mournfully*) No, corporal 'tis impossible!

FOSS. But our hearts are for our country still; though your honour has only half pay, and I am but an out-pensioner of Chelsea.

WORTH. We have no right to complain, corporal. National bounty, beyond its limits, would be national waste; and 'tis impossible to provide sumptuously for all.

FOSS. That's true, your honour: every hero that loses his life in the field must not expect a marvel monument.

WORTH. 'Tis of little import, corporal: a gallant sol-

dier's memory will flourish, though humble turf be osier-bound upon his grave. The tears of his country will moisten it, and vigorous laurel sprout among the cypress that shadows his remains. But 'tis a bitter thought, when we must depart, to leave unprotected the few who are joined with us in the ties of affection, and the bonds of nature!

Foss. Your honour is joined in no bond with any body but Mr. Burford, for five hundred pounds.

WORTH. (*smiling*) I did not mean that, corporal.—There, however, I am easy: my friend has strict honour; and, should he die, the regular insurance of his life secures me from injury in lending him my name. But 'tis strange I have not heard from him.

Foss. I had forgot: here is a letter just brought for your honour. Shall I break the seal?

WORTH. Let me see. (*opening it, and reading*) "Tunbridge." 'Tis written in the neighbouring town. Who should know me there?" (*reading*) "Sir,—I am instructed by Mr. Ferret, solicitor, of London, to inform you that Mr. Burford died on the 26th ultimo, on his way to the insurance office; whereby the policy, which had expired the day before, is become void, and the bond, and warrant of attorney for five hundred pounds remain in force against you. If the money be not paid forthwith I shall enter up judgment, instantly, for the recovery of the same." My child! my child! (*sinks into a chair*)

Foss. Your honour!

WORTH. Ruined past hope!

Foss. (*approaching him*) Don't say that, your honour; for while your half-pay continues——

WORTH. My creditor will grasp all! my person seized, and my poor child destitute!

Foss. Destitute!—What, my young mistress?—And you? and——Don't give way to grief, your honour! I am lame, to be sure, but I am fit for labour still. There's my little pension, too, from Chelsea. Things may come about; and, till they do, you and my young mistress shall never know want, while the old corporal has a limb left to work, or a penny in his pocket.

WORTH. Corporal, I——

Enter FREDRICK, hastily, L.

FRED. (*aside*) Yes, this is he! Zounds! I am quite out of breath! (*to WORTHINGTON*) Sir, I am come, to—Whew! I beg pardon; but as you perceive, I am devilish blown!

WORTH. Leave us, corporal. (*Exit Foss, R.*) At your leisure, sir, I shall be glad to know whom I have the honour of addressing.

FRED. I am Frederick Bramble, sir; my uncle, Sir Robert Bramble, lives at the foot of this infernal hill. He fixed his house there, I fancy, for the sake of argument; because most men maintain it is bad to build in a bottom. He is as charitable as a Christian, sir, and as rich as a Jew.

WORTH. I give you joy of a relation, sir, who has so much virtue, with so much wealth. But, as I am a stranger here, and a recluse, I have no right to enter further into your uncle's character.

FRED. Yet he has just now, sir, taken a right to enter into yours.

WORTH. May he not rather have taken a liberty, sir?

FRED. 'Tis his duty to be the most inquisitive fellow in the neighbourhood.

WORTH. 'Tis a strange duty for a gentleman.

FRED. I hope not, in this country, sir. If a gentleman be in the commission of the peace, and living on his own estate, he should be anxious, I think, to inquire into the conduct of those around him, that he may distribute justice as a magistrate, and kindness as a man.

WORTH. But how can your uncle's principle apply to me, sir—a secluded sojourner, with a quiet family, lodging with one of his tenants?

FRED. Why, he has heard of the—hem!—that is, I mean—the—peculiarity of your situation.

WORTH. (*haughtily*) Sir!

FRED. (*aside*) I shall make a bungling business of this, after all! (*aloud*) I say, sir, that my uncle, as I told you, is a warm old heart, who busies himself in learning the circumstances of everybody about him, and——

WORTH. The circumstances!

FRED. Yes;—and, so, Humphrey Dobbins, a stupid old

servant, among other intelligence this morning, happened to—to mention you, and——Zounds, sir! the truth's the truth! I ran here, to prevent my uncle's offering his assistance too bluntly, and I fear I have done it too bluntly myself.

WORTH. It would be absurd, sir, to affect blindness to the motives of your visit; I see them clearly, and thank you cordially. You have touched the heart of a veteran soldier, but go no further: if you proceed, you will wound the dignity of a gentleman.

FRED. I came here to heal wounds—by my soul, I did! 'Tis not in my nature to inflict them. I am new in England, ignorant in the manners of the country; for I arrived here last night from Russia, where I was born;—but, surely, surely it cannot be offensive, in any part of the globe, to tell the afflicted we feel for them. Pray give me your hand!

WORTH. Take it, sir—take it! Receive the grasp of gratitude, and be gone!

FRED. Not till you first permit me to——

WORTH. I can accept no favours, of the nature you offer, where I have no claim;—and what claim, sir, can I have upon your attentions?

FRED. The claim each man has in common upon his fellow. We are all passengers on life's highway; and when a traveller sticks in the mire on the road, the next that comes by is a brute, who doesn't stretch out a hand to extricate him.

WORTH. That may hold in the courtesies of life; but I do not admit it as an argument in essentials.

FRED. Then I wish my uncle were here, with all my heart, sir; he'd argue this point with you, or any other, to all eternity.

WORTH. I want no arguments upon points of honour: honour, the offspring of honesty, dictates for itself.

FRED. Sir, I respect it, for its parent's sake, though the child is a little maddish: for honour is sometimes cutting throats, where honesty would be shaking hands. But let me entreat you to relax—to be persuaded. Come, my dear sir; true honour, I trust, can never have reason to blush, because honesty is assisted.

WORTH. (*after a pause*) You have burst upon me at a critical, a trying moment. I have a family—a beloved child, from whom I may be shortly torn, without the means of—No matter! Even the griefs that inwardly wring me, would not force me to unbend, were there not a native ingenuousness in your manner which wins me. To you, then,—to you I will owe a temporary obligation.

FRED. Will you? Then you have made me the happiest dog that—(*searching his pocket.*) Eh?—No! zounds! I mean, sir, you have made me look like the silliest dog in the world!

WORTH. What do you mean?

FRED. In my haste to do service, I never once recollected I wanted the means: my heart was so full, that I quite forgot my pockets were empty.

WORTH. I cannot think young man, you came here to insult me.

FRED. Insult!—Oh my dear sir! you do not know me—you may soon. I have left a father in embarrassments, in Russia!—I have landed here, dependent on an uncle's bonnty! and paid my last shilling yesterday to the coachman, who set me down at his gate;—but my relation is as generous as a prince; he will, I am sure, give me a supply, and then——

WORTH. And then I would not, for worlds, draw upon your little store. You have a superior call, it seems, upon you—a parent in distress.

FRED. My father's involvements, no doubt, will be his brother's care; and if——

WORTH. No more—no more! I see the workings of your heart. Farewell! Repine not that your will to do good actions outruns your power. Had the widow been without her mite, and simply dropped a tear for poverty on the moist shrine of compassion, it would have secured to her a page in heaven's register!

Exeunt, WORTHINGTON R., FREDERICK L.

[*When played in Five Acts, the Third ends here.*]

SCENE THIRD.—*A Wood, skirting a Village.*

Enter SIR CHARLES CROPLAND *and* OLLAPOD, R.

SIR C. I'm as chilly as a bottle of port in a hard frost. This is your English spring, that our shivering poets celebrate by a fireside, if they can get one, and sing of basking shepherds making love in the sun! I'm as amorous as an Arcadian, but it's cursed cold in Kent, for all that! Are you sure these women will come, Ollapod?

OLLAPOD. Sure as death! as I tell my patients.

SIR C. They find that, sure enough.

OLLAPOD. He! he! Yes, Sir Charles; I never deceive them. Called in last week to Captain Custard, of our corps, who was shovelled off by a surfeit. "Dearest friend," says I, looking in his fat face, "be firm. Candour compels me to say, Now I'm come, you can't live." He didn't! "You shall be buried with military honours." He was! Attended him from beginning to end—doctor and mourner—bed and grave—physicked him first, shot over him afterwards. Poor fellow! a good officer, an excellent pastry cook, a prodigious eater, and a profitable patient!

SIR C. Confound Captain Custard! I am thinking of a fine girl, and you are panegyrising a dead pastry cook! These women will disappoint us at last.

OLLAPOD. Then there's no honour in the Honourable Miss Mac Tab.

SIR C. You didn't see Emily?

OLLAPOD. No.

SIR C. Psha! all is uncertainty. I shall lose the golden fruit at last.

OLLAPOD. Rather hard, after I've given the dragon a dose!—Do you take, good sir? do you take?

SIR C. I wish the dragon had wings then, to move a little faster. This sharp north-easterly wind will prevent their walking.

OLLAPOD. I hope not, Sir Charles; (*aside*) for they'll get a cursed cold, and want an apothecary!

SIR C. Stay! I think I see a petticoat.

OLLAPOD. Mark! 'tis an old bird—the Honourable Miss Mac Tab, in a jog-trot.

SIR C. And Emily with her, by all that's beautiful!

OLLAPOD. Yes, that's she—as fine a woman as ever smelt sal volatile! There's the game, Sir Charles; you've nothing to do but to kill.

SIR C. Step aside, or our meeting will be too abrupt.—We must kill by rule here, Ollapod.

OLLAPOD. Kill by rule!—with all my heart: 'tis a method I've long been used to. *(they retire, R.)*

Enter MISS LUCRETIA MAC TAB and EMILY, L.

MISS L. Cold!—Ridiculous! Females of fashion, Miss Emily, never complain of the cold now.

EMILY. I didn't know it was the fashion to be insensible, great aunt.

MISS L. To the seasons it is. An English gentlewoman of the year eighteen hundred emulates an English oak, which is hardy as well as elegant—and beautiful, but bare, in the depth of December.

EMILY. Dear! that's a charming park yonder. Who can it belong to?

MISS L. Sir Charles Cropland.

EMILY. Sir Charles Cropland! Pray, let us get home again.

MISS L. Does a fine country frighten you, Miss Emily?

EMILY. It used, in Canada.

MISS L. For what reason, pray?

EMILY. Because a brute sometimes inhabits it.

MISS L. Ridiculous! Should we happen to meet Sir Charles, I beg that——

EMILY. What, is he here, then?

MISS L. So Mr. Ollapod informs me.

EMILY. And who is he?

MISS L. The apothe——Hem!—the officer who visited the family this morning.

EMILY. We will have no more walks without my father, madam.

MISS L. Oh! as you please; but—Eh! I declare here they both come! 'Tis impossible to avoid them now.

Re-enter SIR CHARLES CROPLAND and OLLAPOD, R. U. E.

EMILY. Bless me! this is very strange!

SIR C. (*apart to OLLAPOD*) Engage the old Tabby in talk; and move off with her, if you can.

OLLAPOD. (*apart*) Mum!—I'll bother her!

(*they come forward*)

SIR C. Ladies, I am rejoiced to see you. To meet you in this part of the world is, indeed, an unexpected pleasure.

MISS L. We are come here, you see, to rusticate, Sir Charles, as my poor dear brother, Lord Lofty, used to say. Been vegetating here, for a week, at a wretched farmhouse; but air is the grand article with me.

SIR C. At your dinner it is, I'll be sworn. (*aside*) And what is *your* grand object in the country, Miss Worthington?

EMILY. To be alone, sir.

SIR C. Umph!—A strange propensity, permit me to say, for one so young, and so beautiful.

EMILY. I learned it from my father, sir; we neither of us like intruders. (*goes up, L.*)

OLLAPOD. (*aside R.*) That's a decided douse in the blubber-chops of my friend, the baronet! I must talk to the old one. (*crossing to LUCRETIA, R. C.*) Hem! Rural walks here, ma'am—all green, and twisting, like a snake in a bottle of spirits. Wood-pigeons in plenty—hear 'em cooing? Pop 'em down here, by dozens.

(SIR CHARLES *talks apart to* EMILY L.)

MISS L. They are pleasing birds enough in a grove, sir.

OLLAPOD. And pretty picking in a pie, ma'am. (*aside, looking towards SIR CHARLES and EMILY*) Yes—he's beginning.—Must have Miss Mac Tab off soon. (*aloud*) Fond of views, ma'am? Hill, dale, steeples, rivers, tufts of trees, and the like?

MISS L. I admire a rich landscape, sir. When my brother, the baron, was planting clumps round Ricketty Castle, I used to say he was placing beauty-spots on the face of nature.

OLLAPOD. Did you? Come, that was very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good madam—I owe you one! Pretty sporting country to the right. (*she turns towards SIR CHARLES and EMILY—he pulls her by the elbow*) That's to the left, ma'am.

MISS L. Bless me! this is a very rude man! Do you

know, Sir Charles, that Emily has lost your beautiful little present?

SIR C. What, the terrier puppy, from Leicestershire?

MISS L. Gone; though he was in the apartment when you last did us the honour of a call.

SIR C. Unkind, to set so little store by my present, Miss Worthington! And when did you observe the puppy was gone?

EMILY. The very moment you left the room, sir.

OLLAPOD. (*aside*) Humph! that's another dowse for the baronet! I must get the old woman away. (*pulling LUCRETIA by the sleeve*) Ma'am!

MISS L. (*frumpishly*) Lord, sir!

OLLAPOD. Condescend to cast your eye over that hillock—the little lump to the left there—round and black, like a bolus. From that point you see three capital counties at once.

MISS L. I can't say that I perceive——

OLLAPOD. Stay—here's Kent, fertile in pheasants, cherries, hops, yeomen, codlings, and cricketers. On one side, Sussex——

MISS L. In what beauties does that abound, sir?

OLLAPOD. Mutton and dumplings. And there's Surrey—sweet Surrey!

MISS L. For what may that be famous?

OLLAPOD. Nothing that I know of, except my countryman, Crushjaws, of Carshalton, who tugs out a stump with perfect pleasure to the patient.

(*LUCRETIA is continually endeavouring to turn towards SIR CHARLES and EMILY, and OLLAPOD constantly prevents her*)

MISS L. I protest I see nothing before me but a barn.

OLLAPOD. That's reckoned the only eye-sore in the view, for it totally blocks out the prospect. Fifty yards further we may see all. A littly swampy here, to be sure—better for snipe shooting. Permit me to touch the tip of your honourable little finger, and pass you over the puddles.

MISS L. Bless me! I can never get over that stile!

OLLAPOD. (*aside*) A little gummy in the leg, I suppose.—(*aloud*) It's the easiest in England, upon the honour of

a cornet. If an ankle's exposed, I'll forfeit all the physick in my shop. This way! (*taking her hand*) Step out there, ma'am. Curse 'em! the cows have been here! This way!

Exit hurrying off MISS LUCRETIA, R.

EMILY. Gone! Permit me to follow my relation, sir.

SIR C. Stay, my dear Miss Worthington; I have something of the utmost consequence to say to you.

EMILY. Speak it quickly then, sir.

SIR C. Your father does not abound in riches, I take it.

EMILY. That is of no consequence to me, sir, if he can be happy.

SIR C. Now, I am very rich, as men of fashion go; for my estate is not yet dipped above three parts of its value.

EMILY. That can be of no consequence to me at all, sir.

SIR C. Pardon me—for I have to propose to you——

EMILY. What, sir?

SIR C. Your own house in town, the run of my estate in the country, your own chariot, two footmen, and six hundred a year. But you must allow me a little time to myself—a little play at Miles's—a little sport at Newmarket—a little hunting in Leicestershire; and, this apart, you'll find me the most domestic man in the world.

EMILY. I fancy I comprehend the nature of your jargon, sir.

SIR C. Jargon! It is a language perfectly understood, by all us young fellows, in the circle of St. James's. 'Tis the way of the world, my dear little Simplicity!

EMILY. Oh! how base must be the world, then, when it makes simplicity its victim! I have been bred in wilds; but the sweet breath of Nature has inspired my soul with reason. What does that reason tell me, sir? That vice is vice, however society may polish it; that seduction is still seduction, however fashion may sanction it; that intellect, speaking through simplicity like mine, has the force of virtue to strengthen it! while worldly sophistry must shrink from native truth, when it proclaims, that he who could break a father's heart, by heaping splendid infamy upon his child, is a villain! Let me pass you, sir!

Enter FREDERICK, R. U. E.

FRED. I have lost my way, and my uncle and——Eh ! who have we here ?

SIR C. (*detaining* EMILY) Upon my soul, you must not go !

EMILY. How, sir ?

SIR C. Look ye, my dear Emily—I am advanced too far in the game to recede. If you are not mine by entreaty, there are four spanking grays, ready harnessed in Cropland Park here, that shall whisk us to town in a minute.

EMILY. You dare not, sure——

SIR C. Nay, faith, I dare anything now ; for the prize is in my reach, and I will clasp it, though your heart were colder to me than the snows of Russia.

(*he runs towards her—she screams—FREDERICK advances*)

FRED. (*standing between them*) I bring news from that country, sir ; I arrived last night.

SIR C. Then, sir, you arrived d—d *mal à propos*. What are you ?

FRED. A man ; so I am bound to protect females from brutality. You, it seems, assault them. Pray, sir, what are you ?

SIR C. A person of some figure here, sir. You may not know, perhaps, the consequence of insulting one of that description in this country.

FRED. Faith, not I ; but I know the consequence of his persisting to persecute a woman in my presence.

SIR C. What may that be ?

FRED. I knock him down.

SIR C. You will please to recollect, sir, I am a gentleman.

FRED. I can't, for the soul of me—I can never recollect that any man's a gentleman, when I find him forgetting it himself.

SIR C. Can you fight, sir ?

FRED. Like a game cock, sir—try me.

SIR C. What is your weapon, sir ?

FRED. The knout.

SIR C. What the devil's that ?

FRED. A Russian cat-o'-nine-tails, to chastise a criminal; and I know no criminal who more richly deserves it than he who degrades manhood by offering violence to the amiable sex, which nature formed him to defend. Fear nothing, madam.

SIR C. We must meet again, my hot spark.

FRED. I'm happy to hear it—it implies you are going now.

SIR C. Hark ye, sir: I am called Sir Charles Cropland; yonder is my park.

FRED. With four spanking grays in it. I heard you say so.

SIR C. There is very retired shooting in some parts of it, sir. Your name?

FRED. Frederick Bramble, nephew to your neighbour, Sir Robert. You'll find me ready to take a morning's sport with you.

SIR C. You shall hear from me. (*crosses*) This is a cursed business! but it will keep up the noise of my name at the clubs; and the duel of a dashing baronet furnishes food for the newspapers. *Exit, L.*

FRED. Victory, madam! The enemy is fled, and virtue triumphs in the field. Ha! you look pale!

EMILY. (*much agitated*) I have been sadly flurried.

FRED. 'Sdeath she is near fainting! Let me support you, madam. (*she appears fainting—he catches her*)—Zounds! how beautiful she is! Tears! Now would I give the world to kiss them off, and then kick the scoundrel that caused them!

EMILY. (*recovering*) I know now how to thank you, sir.

FRED. I'm glad of it, ma'am; I never like to be thanked for merely doing my duty.

EMILY. I fear, sir, that—I mean, I hope that—I—I hope, sir, you will not be exposed to further danger on my account.

FRED. I am not used to think of danger, madam, on any account; but something tells me, I should glory in any that I risked for you. Whither shall I have the honour of attending you safe home, madam?

EMILY. I have a relation, sir—a female relation, who

has been walking with me ; she is now, I fancy, in the next field, and she will——

FRED. What, an elderly lady, that I observed just now, as I passed, with an officer ?

EMILY. Ah ! that officer——

FRED. Who is he pray ?

EMILY. A wicked accessory, I am convinced, of Sir Charles Cropland's.

FRED. Is he ? I see him coming—huzza ! I'll blow him to the devil, if he were generalissimo !

EMILY. For heaven's sake ! you make me tremble.

FRED. Tremble ! I wouldn't give you pain for worlds ! I'll be calm with him—on your account I will. I'll affront him with all the civility imaginable.

Enter OLLAPOD, hastily, R.

OLLAPOD. The Honourable Miss Mac Tab has tumbled up to her middle in the mud. (*looking round*) Bless me, is Sir Charles gone ?

FRED. You are Sir Charles's friend, it seems, sir ?

OLLAPOD. I have the honour to be close in his confidence.

FRED. And assist him upon honourable occasions. You are an officer, I perceive.

OLLAPOD. He ! he ! Yes, sir ; cornet in our volunteer corps of cavalry ; as respectable a body as any regulars in Christendom.

FRED. I don't doubt it at all. To stand forward at home, and keep off invaders from the shores of our country, is as honourable and praise-worthy, as marching to attack its enemies abroad. (*aside to EMILY*) Pray, don't be alarmed ; you see I am civil.

OLLAPOD. (*aside*) A pretty spoken young man. I'll encourage him. (*aloud*) Come, that's very well—very well, indeed ! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one !

FRED. But some morbid parts may be found, I fancy, in the wholesomest bodies.

OLLAPOD. Decidedly ; like a chubby child, in high health, with a whitlow.

FRED. Just like a whitlow I take you to be.

OLLAPOD. Me !

FRED. Exactly; and 'tis that uniform alone—as I respect every symbol of loyalty and patriotism—that prevents my cropping your ears, so close as your jacket. (*aside to EMILY*) Don't be uneasy; you see I'm civil.

OLLAPOD. Crop! Zounds! what do you mean?

FRED. Can't you take my meaning in your own way?

OLLAPOD. Way! Sir, I engage to kill the enemies of my country, in the way of war; I never draw blood from the natives, but in the way of business.

FRED. Business!

OLLAPOD. Yes; I'm an apothecary. Take care how you meddle with a man of my repute! Served my time, seven years, under old Cataplasma, of Canterbury; took out my freedom in that ancient city; thumped the mortar six months at Maidstone; now on my own bottom, in trade, at Tunbridge. Cornet Ollapod, at the gilt Galen's Head; known to all the nobility round; sharp shot in a copse; deep dab at the broad-sword exercise; charge a furze-bush, wing a woodcock, or blister a lord, with any chap in the country. (*crosses, L.*) Insult me as an officer, and I'll prosecute you. Touch my ears, you touch my honour; and I'll clap you in the county jail, for assaulting a freeman!

Exit, L.

FRED. That scarlet apothecary is beneath my notice; but if the fellow has flurried your nerves, madam, which it is his trade to tranquilise, I'll pound him to death in his own mortar!

EMILY. Pray, do not be so violent: it terrifies me. On your own account, sir, it terrifies me.

FRED. On my account?

EMILY. Yes. It would grieve me to see one, who is capable of such kind actions towards me, hurried into peril by the warmth of his temper.

FRED. I will be what you please. Tell me only whither I shall lead you. You are of the neighbourhood, I conjecture. May I ask your name?

EMILY. Emily Worthington, sir.

FRED. Worthington! Then you are daughter to the finest spirited man I ever met in my life.

EMILY. Do you think so? Do you, indeed? I am very glad that you think so. But how came you acquainted?

FRED. Why, I—I had a little business with him; but, somehow or other, I—I went without my credentials. Shall I take you to him? Will you trust yourself with me?

EMILY. Trust myself!—Oh, yes!—My dear father shall thank you; I will thank you; and our poor old corporal, who has served in the wars, and followed us through America, he will thank you, in tears of joy, when he hears of this rescue.

FRED. That old corporal loves you, then?

EMILY. Certainly he does. He nursed me when my poor mother died, and left me an infant in Gibraltar; and dearly I love him, too!

FRED. (*aside*) Now, what would I give to be an old corporal! (*aloud*) I attend you—let me see you home. Oh! how would it diminish the number of scoundrels in the world, if they could once taste the joy of rescuing a lovely female from perdition, and restoring her to her father!

Exeunt, R.

SCENE FOURTH.—*Exterior of Farmer Harrowby's House.*

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON, R.

WORTH. Emily not yet returned!—I cannot rest in this suspense! Every instant I dread the arrival of these officers, to drag me from my family—from my child! (*looking off, L*) Ha! two strangers lurking yonder! Nay, then, I know their errand. Where is my Emily? Well, well; 'tis better, in such a struggle, if the child witness not the anguish of the parent.

(*retires up and leans against a tree, R. 2 E.*)

Enter SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE and HUMPHREY DOBBINS, L.

SIR ROB. So, here we are at last. That hill's a breather! I am sure that was my nephew I saw, hopping over the ploughed land yonder.

DOBBINS. Not a morsel like him.

SIR ROB. I wonder if the rogue has found his way here yet. (*seeing WORTHINGTON*) Ha! there's our man, leaning

against the stump of the tree there. He seems lost in thought. Go and tap him on the shoulder, Humphrey.

DOBBINS. (*advancing to WORTHINGTON, and putting his hand on his shoulder*) You are wanted.

WORTH. (*coming forward*) I understand you.

SIR ROB. Your servant, sir. Your name is Worthington, they tell me.

WORTH. It is, friend.

SIR ROB. I have a little business with you ; and it isn't my way to use ceremony.

WORTH. (R.C.) I expect none from a person of your stamp.

SIR ROB. (L.C.) Stamp ! Humphrey, isn't that odd ?

DOBBINS. (L.) Not a bit : the neighbours tell everybody what a rum jockey you are.

SIR ROB. Umph ! (*to WORTHINGTON*) You'll excuse me for talking before old Crabbed here ; he's in all my affairs ; the puppy has grown gray with me, and I can't well do without him.

WORTH. Your follower I suppose ?

SIR ROB. Yes, he's always at my heels. You have served his majesty, I hear, and done your duty nobly.

WORTH. No matter : do *your* duty, and 'tis enough.

SIR ROB. (*aside*) Yes, he's as proud as Lucifer, I see ; but there's no flattery in that. (*aloud*) The motives that brought me here will prove, I trust, that I don't always neglect my duty.

WORTH. You may perform it now, then. If my life depended on it, friend, I could not give you five pounds at this moment.

SIR ROB. Give me five pounds ! Who the devil wishes you ? I want to know how I can do you a kindness.

WORTH. I thank you. In consideration, then, for a gentleman, and reliance on his honour to acknowledge the obligation when in his power, I trust you will place me in an apartment in your own house.

SIR ROB. An apartment in my own house !

WORTH. Yes ; where I may have the comfort of privacy, and my family about me.

SIR ROB. (*aside*) Zounds, but this is pretty plump, for

a man, who would sooner see me hanged than ask me a favour!

WORTH. You will not, I think, be harsh enough to lodge me among the wretched rabble, who are the common inmates of your gloomy walls.

SIR ROB. My gloomy walls! (*aside*) An infernal, impudent old scoundrel! Squeezes himself, and all his relations, into my house, and calls my family a wretched rabble! Humphrey, did you ever see such brass?

DOBBINS. I always told you, except myself, you kept a queer set.

SIR ROB. Zounds! I'll—No, I'll keep my temper!—(*to* WORTHINGTON) Pray, sir, what can you suppose I am to make of you?

WORTH. Make of me! (*aside*) These mercenary harpies! (*aloud*) I have already told you, friend, you can make nothing of me in my present situation. What you think you may make of me in future, as a man of honour, I leave to your own feelings.

SIR ROB. I won't consult my own feelings now, sir; I must proceed upon my judgment.

WORTH. I know you are proceeding upon a judgment.

SIR ROB. And that judgment is cursedly against you at this moment, let me tell you.

WORTH. 'Tis my misfortune.

SIR ROB. If you think that a misfortune, you might as well alter your conduct with me a little;—I don't see the drift on't.

WORTH. Drift!

SIR ROB. Aye; where's the policy?

WORTH. That expired but a few hours too soon.

SIR ROB. (*aside*) His policy expired but a few hours too soon! Why the man's a maniac! His distresses have deranged him. (*aloud*) Were you—ahem!—were you ever wounded in the head?

WORTH. Wounded in the head!

SIR ROB. Yes, in any of the actions you have had.

WORTH. Truce with interrogations, friend. I am ready to accompany you.

SIR ROB. You are!—And, pray, where are we to go?

WORTH. I told you I should give your own house the preference.

SIR ROB. Curse me if ever you set your foot over my threshold!

WORTH. Lead me where you please, then. You proffered kindness, and I was weak enough to expect it; but I might have known, that one of your cast is deaf to the petition of distress.

SIR ROB. The devil I am!

WORTH. Familiar with scenes of want, habit hardens your heart, till the very face becomes an index of the mind, and callous inhumanity scowls in every lineament of the hard-featured bailiff.

SIR ROB. Blood and thunder!—Bailiff!—Humphrey, do I look a bit like a bailiff?

DOBBINS. I don't know but you do.

SIR ROB. Sir—I—pardon your mistake, and I like your spirit; there's no flattery in it;—but I'm in a passion, for all that. Many a modern Sir Jacky looks like a prize-fighter; but it's rather hard to take a baronet of the old school for a bum-bailiff!

WORTH. (*looking off, R*) My daughter!

SIR ROB. And my sky-rocket of a nephew!

Enter FREDERICK and EMILY, L. U. E.—EMILY runs to her father.

FRED. Ha! you are here at last, I perceive, uncle.

WORTH. (R.) Uncle! (*to FREDERICK*) Is this Sir Robert Bramble, then—the generous relation of whom you told me?

SIR ROB. (C.) Generous! psha!—but I am his uncle: though the puppy's smart enough, he is nephew to the hard-featured fellow, whose face is an index of his mind.

EMILY. (R. C.) Oh, sir, if you are his relation, talk to him, I entreat you—argue with him——

SIR ROB. Argue with him!—That I will, with all my heart and soul! On what subject?

EMILY. On his rash intention, sir, to meet the ruffian from whom he has just rescued me.

WORTH. Rescued you, Emily! What does this mean?

FRED. Oh! a mere trifle—nothing. A gentleman in the fields here happened to be so very civil to Miss Worthington, that I took it for rudeness;—so I happened to be so rude to him, that he couldn't take it for civility—that's all.

WORTH. Rudeness to my child! Who has dared to——
But come in, Emily. (to SIR ROBERT) Your pardon, sir: you have found nothing but confusion here, and I must retire with my daughter for an explanation. Come, Emily!

EMILY. Let us thank this gentleman before we go, sir.

FRED. Upon my soul, I deserve no thanks, sir. If I deserve opinion more——

EMILY. Farewell, sir; and pray—pray be cautious!

Exeunt WORTHINGTON and EMILY into the house, R. U. E.

SIR ROB. Frederick, who is the fellow you have been quarrelling with?

FRED. (R.) He calls himself Sir Charles Cropland.

SIR ROB. (C.) I know him—he's a puppy! Must you fight him?

FRED. So he tells he.

SIR ROB. I'll be your second.

FRED. You!

SIR R. Yes: fighting's a sort of sharp argument; and, as we defend the cause of insulted innocence, it's cursed hard if we haven't the best on't. But, harkye, you dog! don't fall in love with the girl.

FRED. I have.

SIR ROB. You haven't!

FRED. Over head and ears.

SIR ROB. Why, you blockhead! she's a beggar!

FRED. So am I: we shall make a very pretty couple.

SIR ROB. And, if you married, how would you support her?

FRED. Perhaps you would support us.

SIR ROB. You shan't have a shilling till my death!

FRED. Then I hope we shall have the pleasure of starving together a great while, sir.

SIR ROB. Run back, and order a dinner for a party; tell old Buncles, the butler, to lug out some claret.

FRED. Then, after dinner, I'll drink Emily Worthington in a pint bumper. *Exit, L.*

SIR ROB. Humphrey, you haven't attended, now, to a word of what was passing.

DOBBINS. (R. C.) Every syllable on't.

SIR ROB. You'll laugh to see me out in a duel, I suppose?

DOBBINS. No, I sha'n't; I'd sooner be shot at myself.

SIR ROB. Umph!—If my nephew marries this girl, I've a great mind to cut him off with a shilling.

DOBBINS. No, you won't.

SIR ROB. Why, you know, he's as poor as a rat.

DOBBINS. The rat's your relation: it would be plaguy hard to starve him, when you feed all the rest of the rats in the parish.

SIR ROB. Come along, Humphrey; and if ever you starve, rank bacon and mouldy pie-crust be my portion!

Exeunt, L.

END OF ACT II.

[*When played in Five Acts, the Fourth ends here.*]

ACT III.

SCENE FIRST.—*A Wood and a Pathway.*

Enter OLLAPOD, L.

OLLAPOD. An awkward errand I'm on to Sir Robert Bramble's:—not quite correct to carry a challenge into a family I've physicked; but honour, in this case, before medicine: a leaf of laurel is worth twenty drops of laudanum. Mars is first customer, and curse Æsculapius! (*looking off, L.*) Ha! here comes the enemy up the hill from the house.—The game meets me half way, as death does the doctor! (*retires up, L.*)

Enter FREDERICK, musing, R., not seeing OLLAPOD.

FRED. "A pointed pain pierc'd deep my heart,—
A swift cold trembling seiz'd on every part."

OLLAPOD. (*aside*) That's an ague!

FRED. "But quickly to my cost I found

'Twas Love, not Death, had made the wound!"

OLLAPOD. (*aside*) Oh, confound that disease! it's cured without an apothecary

FRED. I've ordered dinner for my old uncle, and now I can't, for my life, help loitering about the farm-house. What mind she has in every look! I would rather be a whale, and flounce about the Baltic, than fall in love with a fine proportioned face of beautiful insipidity. 'Tis a lamp without oil—heaven in a fog! Give me those dear, bewitching features, where sweet expression always speaks, and sometimes sparkles. Give me a dimpled beauty that—(*seeing* OLLAPOD) Zounds! here's that cursed ugly apothecary! Pray, sir, do you know what are some men's antipathies?

OLLAPOD. Yes—cats, rats, old maids, double-tripe, spiders, Cheshire cheese, and cork-cutters.

FRED. Now my antipathy, sir, is a pert apothecary. How dare you look me again in the face without trembling?

OLLAPOD. Trembling!—At what?

FRED. Death.

OLLAPOD. Pooh! I've made it my business to look death in the face for fifteen years, and don't tremble at it at all.

FRED. Why do you presume, sir, to come across me here?

OLLAPOD. Here!—This is the king's highway, trod on as common as camomile—crowded with all comers, like the Red Cow on a field day. Besides I've business at Blackberry Hall.

FRED. At my uncle's?

OLLAPOD. Yes; I've something in my pocket to deliver there—you may guess what it is.

FRED. Lip-salve for the maid, perhaps; or rose-water to put into puddings.

OLLAPOD. Curse lips and pudding! I've a letter for you.

FRED. You have?

OLLAPOD. Yes—to be taken directly. (*giving it*) Eh! isn't that Sir Robert Bramble?

Enter SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE, L.

SIR ROB. I've sprained my back, trying to frisk over

that infernal farmer's hog trough! If Humphrey hadn't argued I was too stiff in the joints to jump, I'd have seen the dog at the devil before I attempted it! Ha! Mr. Ollapod! Your servant—your servant! Tell me what brings you this way.

OLLAPOD. (*aside*) I'll see you in a fever first! (*aloud*) Dry weather for walking, Sir Robert; but no news— young partridges looked for every day—so are six Ham-
burgh mails. Glad to find our gout is gone, Sir Robert—happy to meet you again on a good footing. Do you take, good sir? do you take?

SIR ROB. I take your jokes as I do your bottles of physic, Master Ollapod.

OLLAPOD. How is that, Sir Robert?

SIR ROB. I never take them at all.

OLLAPOD. Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you good good sir—I owe you one!

SIR ROB. Frederick, what are you doing here?

FRED. Reading a challenge, uncle.

SIR ROB. So, 'tis come then! Who brought it?

FRED. (*pointing to OLLAPOD*) Pestle and mortar, there. (*handing the letter*) Read, uncle, read!

SIR ROB. (*reading*) "Sir,—Mr. Ollapod, of the volunteer corps, will deliver this to you. You will find me, half an hour hence, at the plantation on the heath, waiting to receive the satisfaction due to your humble servant, CHARLES CROPLAND." Plain as a demonstration in Euclid! (*to OLLAPOD*) But how dare you, who have bled my coachman till he can't drive, and juleped my cook, till she faints at a fire, administer a challenge to my nephew?

OLLAPOD. Honour is rigid, Sir Robert, and must be minded as strictly as a milk diet.

SIR ROB. You come here, in short, as Sir Charles Cropland's friend?

OLLAPOD. I do. Gallipots must give way to gallant feelings, and Galen is gagged by Bellona. Sorry to offend the Bramble family! Shall bring lint, probe, and styptic, along with the pistols. Though serving as second on one side, shall be proud to extract a ball for either party, on as reasonable terms as any in the profession.

Exit, L.

FRED. I have been thinking, uncle, and——You shan't accompany me in this business.

SIR ROB. I shan't! You puppy! haven't I a right to smell powder if I please?

FRED. 'Tis an awkward business altogether—perhaps a foolish one. I am a useless fellow, floating through the world like a mere feather: if I am blown out of sight, 'tis no matter. You are of too much value, uncle, to be made the sport of every idle gale.

SIR ROB. Now what in the devil's name, is the value of a man, if he don't stand by his friend when he wants him?

FRED. And what, in the devil's name, uncle, is the value of his friend, if he only drags him into a scrape?

SIR ROB. A scrape!

FRED. Yes. They tell me the law of this country is apt to call killing a man in a duel murder, and to look on all accessories as principals. Now, uncle, as I am going on an expedition which may end in hanging, I don't think it quite considerate to inveigle an honest friend to be of the party.

SIR ROB. I never heard the argument put in that way before;—there are few, I fancy, of your opinion.

FRED. Oh, a great many. There are men enough to be found, who would give in the same opinion by twelve at a time. But should I fall, in my encounter with this booby of a baronet—

SIR ROB. Fall!

FRED. Why, 'twould be bold to argue, uncle, if a bullet hits in a mortal place, that it won't kill; and, in case of the worst, I have a request to make.

SIR ROB. (*uneasy*) Well!

FRED. If I fall, then, uncle, you—you know I have a father.

SIR ROB. (*agitated*) Well!

FRED. He is your brother, my dear uncle—an affectionate brother. Your tempers may not assimilate, but he loves you. He is poor. (*taking SIR ROBERT'S hand*) If I fall, remember him!

SIR ROB. (*throwing himself on FREDERICK'S neck*) My dear, dear Frederick! your death would break my heart!

I have been reasoning all my life, and find, that all argument will vanish before one touch of nature.

FRED. I fancy you will often find it so, my dear uncle.

SIR ROB. And nature tells me, if you argue for ages, you shan't prevent the old man's going with you. Come: we must go home to prepare. You must have my pistols, and——Upon my soul, Frederick, I love my brother Job! We'll have him over, and——Zounds! this will all end in smoke! And then I'll write to Russia—we'll have a family party, and be jolly, and——Come, my dear lad! come!

Exeunt, R.

SCENE SECOND.—*The Parlour in Farmer Harrowby's House.*

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON, L.

WORTH. This young man may rashly plunge into a quarrel on Emily's account;—'tis my duty to chastise the insulter of my child. At Sir Robert Bramble's I might learn more, and——But in what state of mind should I attend him!

Enter CORPORAL FOSS, R.

So, corporal; have you observed any people about the house?

FOSS. No enemies, your honour; unless they are in ambuscade.

WORTH. I am strongly inclined to go to Sir Robert's to-day.

FOSS. I hope your honor will; they say he is such a good-hearted old gentleman: ten to one but he gives your honour a helping hand.

WORTH. (*half aside*) Then he'll think I come to solicit assistance. I will not go!

FOSS. Won't you, your honour?

WORTH. I wish to see my daughter again, corporal.

FOSS. I had almost made sure of your's honour's going. I have laid out the red roquelaure; and, in case of a dark night, Stephen's now in the stable, dusting out the lantern, for me to march home before your honour.

WORTH. Well, well; send Emily to me.

Foss. (*sighing*) Heigho! (*going*) Oh, here comes my young lady.

Enter EMILY, R.

(*aside to her*) Make him go to Sir Robert's, Miss Emily—bless you, do! Mollify his honour a bit;—you don't know half the good may come on't. Do now! *Exit, R.*

WORTH. What said the corporal, Emily?

EMILY. He bid me press our going to Sir Robert Bramble's to-day.

WORTH. Should you wish me, Emily, to place myself in a situation, where I might be suspected of imploring support?

EMILY. Heaven forbid! But the gentleman who protected me has been so good—so very good, that——

WORTH. That what, Emily?

EMILY. I should like—to thank him—that's all.

WORTH. Have we not both thanked him already?

EMILY. Yes, but—not enough, perhaps.

WORTH. If more be necessary, I may express our further sense of his goodness by letter.

EMILY. The service he did me was not by letter, you know, my dear father.

WORTH. You seem strangely interested here, Emily.

EMILY. Shouldn't I be so? I hope I ought; for, indeed, indeed—(*unable to suppress her tears*)—I—I am very uneasy!

WORTH. My child! uneasy!—Compose yourself, Emily! Open your heart to me—to your father—your friend, Emily!

EMILY. Indeed, I never wish to hide my thoughts from you! they often meet your ear, so wild and so unformed, that they resemble dreams.

WORTH. Alas! my child, the thoughts of young minds too frequently resemble dreams. Should you love this young man, Emily, it is a dream, from which no reproof of mine shall startle you, but the gentleness of a father shall awaken you.

EMILY. Love him!—Oh, no!—But he preserved me from danger, and, on that account, I dread he may incur it himself.

WORTH. You know not yet what your heart is, Emily.

EMILY. Yes, indeed, I do. I should be grieved if I did not know it dearly loved you.

WORTH. And you have no such sentiments towards this young man, Emily?

EMILY. No, upon my word: the sentiments I feel for him are as different as light and darkness.

WORTH. My dearest Emily, till you know the world's path better, be cautious how you tread. I may soon be snatched from you, Emily——

EMILY. My father!

WORTH. Take, then, my fondest counsel while I live—my best legacy, alas! should I be hurried from you. Act not too suddenly on ideas. Doubt that passion may mislead you, till reflection justifies your impulse. Wed not for wealth, Emily, without love—'tis gaudy slavery; nor for love, without competence—'tis twofold misery. Glide gently down the stream, with neither too full a sail, nor too slight a freightage; and may your voyage, my child, be happier—much happier than your father's!

Re-enter CORPORAL FOSS, R.

FOSS. Madam Mac Tab wants to know if you all dine at Sir Robert's, your honour.

WORTH. Why does she inquire, corporal?

FOSS. It's about putting on some of her trinkums and furbelows, I fancy, your honour. She came in, awhile ago, as muddy as our little pigeon-toed drummer, after a long march.

WORTH. I have though on't. Tell her we shall go.

FOSS. No—will you? Huzza! I ha'n't been better pleased since they made me a corporal!

Exit, R.

EMILY. You will go, then?

WORTH. Some explanation is necessary there, and I will make up my mind to bury other feelings. Lucretia will go with us; we must afterwards take our leave of her entirely.

EMILY. Indeed!

WORTH. Her conduct, of which you have informed me, with Sir Charles Cropland, has decided me; and she will

only quit a tottering asylum. I have to tell you, our friend Burford is dead, Emily.

EMILY. What! the friend that——

WORTH. Yes, Emily; a worthy—an honourable man;—but, from the suddenness of his death—'tis fit I prepare you for the shock—he has left me in involvements, which, in a few hours, may enclose me in a prison.

EMILY. A prison!—You!—you will take me with you? Won't you take me with you?

WORTH. Like the eagle on the rock, Emily, I must shelter my nestling where Providence ordains.

EMILY. Well, then, do not make yourself unhappy, my dear father! We shall not be very miserable, if we are not asunder. I will sit by you—talk to you—listen to you; and should a tear steal upon your cheek, I can kiss it off, and—(*sobbing involuntarily*)—I am not shocked for myself—pray forgive me!

WORTH. (*folding her in his arms*) My beloved—my amiable child!

Enter MISS LUCRETIA MAC TAB, R.

MISS L. If we live here for a twelvemonth, I'll never speak to that beastly quack, who left me in a ditch, again.

WORTH. We shall not live here for a twelvemonth, madam.

MISS L. I am glad of it; for this place is worse than a cowhouse. One is up to one's ears in mud, and nothing but brutes are its constant inhabitants.

WORTH. And, after what has passed, you will feel as little surprise as I mean offence, when I propose to you to relinquish the fortunes of a man, whose situation, in all places, must be so irksome to you.

MISS L. I—I understand. You are weak enough, then, Mr. Worthington, to wish me to withdraw my countenance from the family.

WORTH. Since the strength of your zeal for my family, madam, has so far outrun my weak notions of its happiness, I confess I do wish you to withdraw it.

MISS L. 'Tis very well, sir!

WORTH. When you are ready, madam, to go to Sir

Robert Bramble's you will find Emily and me in the garden, prepared to attend you. Come, my love!

Exeunt WORTHINGTON and EMILY; L.

Miss L. Then the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab is cut at last, by a half-pay lieutenant in a marching regiment!

Re-enter CORPORAL FOSS, R.

Foss. Is your ladyship's honour ready to go?

Miss L. Go!—Are you sent to drum me out, fellow, as you would a deserter?

Foss. I don't come to drum your ladyship's honour: I want to know if you'll go to Sir Robert's?

Miss L. Go to-morrow, by break of day, to the post-house; ask if there's a return-chaise there for London.

Foss. What am I to do then, an' it please you?

Miss L. Secure a seat in it for the Honourable Miss Lucretia Mac Tab.

Foss. Is your ladyship's honour bundling off, then?

Miss L. Bundling, you, brute! Obey my orders.

Foss. That I will, with all my heart and soul, an' please your honour!

Miss L. I'll withdraw myself from this wretched family: I'll go down to Scotland, and patronise my sixteenth cousin, the tobacconist of Glasgow.

Exit, R.

Enter STEPHEN HARROWBY, L.

STEPHEN. Here be the lantern, Master Corporal; I ha' made him shine like our barn door. If you do like a duck now, for your supper, I ha' shot one of ourn for you, wi' father's blunderbuss.

Foss. How came you to do that, my honest lad?

STEPHEN. Why, she ware a marching before a whole brood of young ones, and looked for all the world like a captain at the head of his attachment. We ha' no herbs to stuff her, for I ha' cut up all our kitchen-garden, to look like a mortification.

Foss. Well, well, I must attend his honour; but keep a sharp look-out, my good lad; you know what I told you?

STEPHEN. What, about the bum-bailey? Rot 'um! I'll blow 'em up wi' gunpowder!

FOSS. Keep a good watch, that's all.

STEPHEN. Dang it, if a soldier's hurt on our premises !
—I've unmuzzled Towzer and Cabbage ; they'll bite all as
come, good or bad. Come you along, Mr. Corporal.—
(*singing*) “ For a soldier—a soldier's the lad for me !”

Exeunt, L.

SCENE THIRD.—*Sir Charles Cropland's Park.*

Enter SIR CHARLES CROPLAND and OLLAPOD, L.

SIR C. We are on the ground first.

OLLAPOD. Perhaps the enemy's subject to a common
complaint.

SIR C. What's that?

OLLAPOD. Troubled with a palpitation of heart, and can't
come.

SIR C. He doesn't seem of that sort. What are the
odds, now, that he doesn't wing me? These greenhorns
generally hit every thing but the man they aim at.

OLLAPOD. Do they?—Zounds ! then the odds are that
he'll wing me. I'll be principal, if you please ; for, to say
the truth, I never served my time to the trade of a second.

SIR C. Psha!—You must measure the distance when he
comes, Ollapod.

OLLAPOD. What's the usual distance, Sir Charles?

SIR C. Eight paces.

OLLAPOD. Bless me ! men might as well fight across a
cunter. Does the second always measure the ground ?

SIR C. 'Tis the custom.

OLLAPOD. Then you had better have chosen one a little
longer in the legs. If I was to fight, I'd come out with a
colossus.

SIR C. (*looking off, L.*) I see him coming to the stile.

OLLAPOD. There ! he has jumped over. Curse him !
he's as nimble as quicksilver. And there's old Sir Robert
waddling behind him like a badger.

SIR C. They are here.

Enter FREDERICK and SIR ROBERT BRAMBLE, L.

SIR ROB. Gently, Frederick ; I tell you I'm out
breath.

FRED. We shall be too late, and——Oh! here's my man. I hope we haven't kept you waiting, sir. They say, in England, when people are to shoot at one another, it's the only engagement in which it's the fashion to be punctual.

SIR C. You are pretty exact, sir.

FRED. Let us lose no time, if you please, then; for dinner will be spoiled.

SIR C. Perhaps, sir, one of us may never go to dinner again.

FRED. (L. C.) No; but my uncle will, and 'twould be pity he should have his meat over-roasted.

SIR C. (R.) Mr. Ollapod, be so good as to walk over the ground.

OLLAPOD. Left foot foremost, as they do in the infantry.

SIR ROB. Hold, Sir Charles! (*crosses, c.*) Perhaps this matter may be brought to an accommodation.

SIR C. I don't well see how, Sir Robert.

SIR ROB. If you are alive to fair argument, I think I shall convince you, you have been cursedly in the wrong.

SIR C. I didn't come here to argue, sir.

SIR ROB. Didn't you? Frederick, you must shoot him: a man that won't listen to argument, deserves to be blown to the devil!

OLLAPOD. (*finishing his measurement*) Five—six—seven—eight!

FRED. We'll take our ground, if you please, sir.

SIR C. Give me that, Ollapod; (*taking a pistol from him*) and success to hair-triggers!

SIR ROB. (*to FREDERICK*) Here is your pistol, my dear lad. Zounds! my heart is as heavy as a bullet! Happen what will, I shall never forget poor Job; and as for you, Frederick——Come, we mustn't blubber now!

(*they take their ground and present.*)

OLLAPOD. Stop! here's somebody coming. (*aside*) Medical man never witnessed a finer crisis!

Enter LIEUTENANT WORTHINGTON, L. U. E.

WORTH. (*coming forward, c.*) My friend!—Sir Robert Bramble, too!—Pistols!

FRED. (L.) Stand out of the way, my dear sir! Whoever

is on his legs after the first fire, will have the pleasure of speaking to you.

WORTH. Stay, gentlemen! This business, I believe, requires my interference.

SIR C. (R.) And pray, sir, what makes your interference so necessary?

WORTH. I conceive you to be Sir Charles Cropland; which argues——

SIR ROB. Don't waste your arguments; they'll be all thrown away upon him.

SIR C. I *am* Sir Charles Cropland, sir; and, pray, who are you?

WORTH. I will tell you, sir. I am an officer in his majesty's army, quick to resent a private injury, as I have been ready to face my country's foes. I am one, sir, who am as gratified to meet you, that I may chastise you as you merit, as you have ever been industrious to skulk from me, conscious of the punishment you have deserved. I need not tell you my name is Worthington.

SIR ROB. Well that is better than argument, and as unlike flattery as anything I ever heard in my life!

FRED. (*to* SIR CHARLES) Now, pray, sir, are you and I to go home to our dinners, or are we to swallow a forced-meat ball in the fields?

SIR C. We had better suspend the business, sir. There are ladies coming.

Enter LUCRETIA and EMILY, L. 2. E.

MISS L. (*apart to Emily*) Your father has trotted on, child, as if he was on a forced march. (*looking round*) Bless me! who have we here?

EMILY. My father, with Sir Robert, and——Ha! Sir Charles Cropland there!

MISS L. And that brute who left me in the mire!

OLLAPOD. (*aside, R.*) That's me!

WORTH. You and I, Sir Charles, must find another moment for explanation.

SIR C. The immediate moment may be the best, Mr. Worthington. I believe I may have been so fashionable in my ideas, that they may have led me wrong; and I don't think it a very bad style, though it mayn't be modern, to confess it.

WORTH. The style of sense and honesty, sir, must ever meet approbation, and I should be sorry if the style of repentance did not find forgiveness.

SIR C. (*crossing to EMILY*) Miss Worthington, I confess my fault, and plead for pardon. You will not only, I hope, afford me your own, but intercede with Mr. Worthington for his also. (*to FREDERICK*) You checked me rather roughly, indeed, in a career which I have acknowledged to be wrong, sir. Instead, therefore, of proceeding in resentment, it will be better to offer you my thanks, if you will be pleased to accept them.

FRED. Sir, 'tis pleasanter to be thanked than shot at any time; and I accept them willingly.

SIR C. I take my leave, then. (*crosses, L.*) I haven't dashed through this scrape according to present principles: a man's owning he is sorry for his vices may get him laughed at among a few gay friends, who have more spirits than thought; but I believe he'll hunt the pleasanter for it in Leicestershire. *Exit* SIR CHARLES, L.

OLLAPOD. (*advancing, c.*) Miss Lucretia Mac Tab, I confess my fault, and plead for pardon, since I, unluckily, left you in a puddle; and I sincerely hope you'll never be in such a pickle again!

Miss L. Stand away, you brute! (*crosses to R.*)

OLLAPOD. Sir Robert, I hope you won't withdraw your friendship; and it would give a mortification to be cut off from your custom.

SIR ROB. Oh, Master Ollapod, your little foibles are like your small quantities of magnesia—they give no great nausea, and do neither harm nor good.

OLLAPOD. Come, that's very well—very well, indeed! Thank you, good sir—I owe you one! (*aside*) I'll stay, and he'll ask me to dinner! (*goes up, R.*)

SIR ROB. And what are you saying there to Miss Worthington, Frederick?

FRED. (*c.*) Telling her what good cheer there is in Blackberry Hall, uncle; and what a worthy gentleman at the head of the table, where I am going to have the pleasure to lead her.

SIR ROB. (*L.*) You are devilish ready to do the honours—isn't he, Mr. Worthington.

WORTH. (R. To do honour to the human heart, sir, I have found him very ready.

SIR ROB. And have you found him so very ready to do honour to the heart, Miss Worthington?

EMILY. (R. C.) Yes, indeed I have, sir.

SIR ROB. I begin to perceive it. I'm a strange old fellow, fond of argument, they say; but I have so little time left now in this world, that some of my arguments are a little shorter than they used to be. When I was hobbling over the stile after Frederick there, and thought the dog might be shivered to atoms, I made a determination in my own mind, if he happened to survive, that he and your daughter—What's your name, young lady?

EMILY. Emily, sir.

SIR ROB. Ah! a pretty name enough. That he and Emily should make a happy couple.

WORTH. Never, sir!

SIR ROB. That's a plump negatur? We'll argue that point if you please.

WORTH. My child, Sir Robert, has heard my opinions very lately; and hearing the opinions of a friend, she adopts them.

SIR ROB. Does she? Then she's as little like Humphrey Dobbins in her mind, as she is in her features.

WORTH. To you it may now be necessary to say, that I am poorer even than poor; but observe, I disdain all solicitations. This very day I have been apprised——

SIR ROB. Oh, I know what you mean—the bond for five hundred pounds.

WORTH. (*rather haughtily*) How came you apprised of that bond, sir?

SIR ROB. I have paid it.

WORTH. Paid it!

SIR ROB. Yes; while Frederick was loading his pistols in the next room, to come to the field here.

WORTH. You astonish me!

SIR ROB. Why so? I happen to be the sheriff of the county; and as all writs are returnable to me, a scrubbyish fellow asked me to sign one against you. I thought it might be as well not to lock up a worthy man in a scurvy room, just as I had asked him, from no common motives,

to sit down to my table ;—so I drew upon my bankers, instead of John Doe and Richard Roe ; and you may reimburse me at your leisure.

FRED. My dear, dear uncle ! you have been before me here !

SIR ROB. You rogue, if your fortune could serve you as well as your legs, I believe you'd have been before me here, too.

WORTH. I know not what to say to you, Sir Robert.

SIR ROB. Confess you're a very bad physiognomist, and I'm content ! Say a man's countenance may a little belie his nature ! though, as sheriff of the county, I own I am head of the bum-bailiffs.

WORTH. I shall never be able to repay you this debt, sir, but by long and miserable instalments.

SIR ROB. You shall give me security.

WORTH. I wish it—any in my power.

SIR ROB. Miss Emily, pray come here ; Frederick, you dog ! come on the other side of me. Let me appoint you two trustees for a bond Mr. Worthington shall give me—a bond of family alliance : fulfil your charge punctually, and heaven prosper you in your obligations ! Mr. Worthington, what say you ? (FREDERICK embraces EMILY)

WORTH. You overwhelm me—I cannot speak !

SIR ROB. The trustees are dumb, too ; but I see they are embracing the obligations pretty willingly.

OLLAPOD. (*aside*, L.) A marriage between the young ones ! I hope I may be in favour with the family nine months hence !

MISS L. (R.) Sir Robert, I rejoice at the alliance. The Brambles came in with the Conqueror, and are no disgrace to the Mac Tabs.

SIR ROB. I haven't the honour to know exactly who you may be, madam, but I thank you. But zounds ! our dinner will be waiting. Make one of the party, if you please, Ollapod.

OLLAPOD. I'll attack your mutton with all my heart, Sir Robert. (*aside*) I knew he'd ask me to dinner !

FRED. Come, Emily, let me lead you to a house, where our days may be long—be happy ! You look doubtingly.

EMILY. No, indeed. When my father doubted, I have

doubted ; but I can read his eyes, as he, I own, not long since, read my heart. You have been my preserver, and I cannot help feeling gratitude.

SIR ROB. Love, you mean you little devil ! Frederick, we'll have Joba grandfather before he can get from Russia !

FRED. My dear uncle, your hand—Mr. Worthington, suffer me to press yours. Emily, you have my heart ; and may hearts, when unvisited by the world, meet the happiness I expect, and the approbation of the virtuous !

EPILOGUE.

OLLAPOD. Dull Care, avaunt !—All here are now content.

SIR ROB. Hold ! that admits, perhaps, of argument.
Some may be sicken'd here.

MISS L. But how to know ?

OLLAPOD. Their pulses must be felt before they go.

SIR ROB. Their pulses felt !—That had be better done by you.

OLLAPOD. That's very well !—Thank you, good sir—I owe you *two* !

(*to the audience*) Hold up your heads !—Hum !
—The patients smile,

And don't seem troubled with much bile.

I dose men's spirits to their proper pitch ;

As Cornet, ev'ry female I bewitch.

MISS L. Not when you leave a lady in the ditch !

WORTH. As father, I each father's favour court ;

EMILY. As daughter, I from daughters ask support.

OLLAPOD. Apothecaries, cheer me with your bounty !

SIR ROB. Bum-bailiffs, me, as sheriff of the county.

FRED. I deprecate the cruel critics' stabs.

MISS L. And I, by all the blood of the Mac Tabs !

WORTH. And if, to-night, our efforts should succeed,
Then THE POOR GENTLEMAN is rich indeed !

MISS L. WORTH. EMILY. FRED. SIR ROB. OLLAPOD.

R.

L.

Curtain.

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